

# THE METROPOLITAN.

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## ARE WE TO HAVE FICTION?

IN reviewing a work of fiction written by a Catholic, a critic whom we highly esteem for his genius and wisdom, observed, "if we are to have fiction, he is probably as well fitted to give it to us as any one," or words to that effect, implying (at least on the surface) a doubt whether it is best to have fiction at all. Probably this was not the meaning of the illustrious publicist to whom we refer, but as the doubt itself is perhaps sufficiently common, we propose in the following paper to weigh it in the scales of practical philosophy, and ascertain, if possible, its validity. Catholic morality and Catholic prudence ought to give no faint, uncertain, hesitating response on such a question, but one which the simplest can understand and the obedient may follow. If fiction be wrong and pernicious, shall we be afraid to say so like men? If it be innocent and salutary, in itself considered, shall we throw a damper on the industry and genius of those who would fain provide it of the right kind, by sneering at it and them? Let us begin by saying that we submit the whole to the authority, whenever that shall deign to speak, of our holy Mother, and of those who teach in her name, and that the whole object of our discussion is to elicit truth, as far as simple, common sense may do it.

If we take the proposition, then, in the *concrete*, there is no doubt that the reading of novels may safely be pronounced injurious. That is, because almost all novels are filled with false views of life, are addressed to the passions, which they tend to stimulate, and the greater part of them inculcate directly or indirectly the love of frivolity, if not of absolute vice. Moreover, novel-reading is in itself an exciting, enervating, dissipating amusement, which relaxes the moral powers, exhausts the intellectual energies, and the organic force on which mental exertion depends, and so unfits and indisposes the mind for severer labors, and the will for the great and rude conflict of virtue.

All this and more I willingly concede to the enemies of novels, and it is enough to justify the terms in which this class of works is usually condemned by those who have the care of souls. The long and short of it is that novel-reading, when carried to excess, becomes a vice, and that a great many novels are pernicious in sentiment, and unfit to be read under any circumstances:—a general warning, therefore, against them is fully warranted, the sense of which is that they are not to be read *indiscriminately*, and that it would be far better to read too *few* than too

many. But, on the other hand, is it possible or even desirable that there should be no novels at all? Assuredly it is not possible to prevent the production of novels. They are published, by a moderate computation, at the rate of two or three *per diem*, French, German, English and American, omitting all mention of the innumerable tales which find their way to the public through periodicals. It is wonderful how they all find readers; yet they do. Many of them have an immense sale. Within the last eighteen months (indeed it is less) millions of copies have been sold of "Uncle Tom" alone. This does not look like novel-writing and publishing, or novel-buying and reading, coming to an end. The fact is that unless the millenium which some of our Protestant friends are still expecting, should actually arrive at last, there is not the remotest likelihood of a cessation of the stream of fiction so long as grass grows or water runs, or the imagination of man retains its fertility, or the passions do not cease to bud and blossom and bear fruit. The stream but grows broader and deeper as it rolls on. The finest and most philosophic intellects contribute to swell it with the most elaborate productions of their genius and their skill; the most accurate observation of men and of society, the keenest satire, the most delicate analysis of character, the most varied experience and knowledge, are brought to bear upon the production of works of fiction, which are no longer planned and written merely to amuse the leisure of girls and boys, but to instruct, to persuade, to extend political and religious ideas, to sap the foundations of society and of religion, or to defend both against the unceasing assaults of radicalism and infidelity. It is no more possible not to read novels, than it is to prevent their production. They have become a power in the state, they thrill the heart of peoples and nations, and raise half humanity in insurrection to carry out the ideas they promulgate. Socialistic novels overturned the throne of Louis Philippe. Anti-Catholic novels are the source of half the current prejudices and obstinate misconceptions which inflame the hearts of Protestants against the Church, the priesthood, the religious orders, and even against private Catholics; and such influence, before now, has instilled the furious hatred and suspicion which committed convents and churches to the flames.

I have before me a novel written by one of the most distinguished pens in England—a female author of the highest celebrity and undoubted genius. Before reading it I had seen a number of laudatory reviews and notices, as well in English as in American literary organs, all couched in terms of high, although not unqualified, praise, all speaking of it simply as a literary work, without a hint of its bearing any other character, and I was consequently induced to read it. Somewhat to my surprise I found it a bitter anti-Catholic production, and a most plausible one too, full of apparent candor, speaking from apparent knowledge of what passes in Catholic countries and in the bosom of Catholic families, yet really, passionate, one-sided, unfair, and extremely well calculated by its appeals to the natural feelings, to enlist them all against our holy religion. Not one of its English or American reviewers has ever noticed this peculiarity, whether for praise or censure; and under cover of what we may fairly call this "Jesuitical" silence, the poison gains currency—a controversial book passes for a tale of passion, and what mischief it does, Heaven only knows.

Indeed, it may be affirmed, for that matter, that there is not a single work of fiction, emanating from Protestants, which does not directly or indirectly assail the faith or morals of the Catholic Church. The method of resisting these assaults and of carrying the war into the enemy's country, by a well-directed fire of philosophical and moral criticism, based on Catholic dogma, reducing to ashes the literary

and ethical outworks of the foe, knowing that the citadel itself must be battered down by another force, this, I say, seems the only resource of a layman. It is the only resource except one—that of writing counter-fictions, to take the place of such mischievous works, and in some measure to neutralize their influence.

That fictions of this sort—I mean Catholic stories and novels—will be written, is also, I think, *certain*, unless you can contrive to clap an extinguisher on the imagination of Catholics, and dry up the fountains of fancy and sentiment in every Catholic bosom. Otherwise it is impossible but that the beauties and pathos of Catholic history, the varieties and the dramatic capabilities of Catholic domestic life, will strike the thoughtful perception and awaken the inspiration of Catholic writers. Breathing a literary atmosphere, nursed with the artistic beauty of a noble national literature, of which works of fiction form a large part, it is inevitable that they will endeavor to reproduce what they admire. All Catholic nations, as soon as they become cultivated, produce a literature, which is tinctured with religious ideas in proportion to the vivacity and tenderness, to the depth and diffusion of their faith. And for my part it seems to me that it ought to be so. The waters of Mara were bitter, but the Lord shewed Moses a tree which, cast into them, turned them into sweetness. The doctrine of the cross purifies and sweetens every thing. Fiction may become not only innocent but salutary, when it paints the beauty of sufferings, teaches the reward of patience, and delineates the progress of the soul towards faith and virtue.

Moreover, it is the object of true fiction, (if I may say so,) not to paint life as it is not, to create a picture better and more attractive than reality, but to show life as it is, and to unfold the beauty that lies hid in the common every day reality of things. The fiction which does not augment our positive knowledge is poor, worthless and uninteresting. It was not for nothing that our Creator implanted this universal passion for fictitious narrative. Besides the stimulus of the intellect, and a thousand almost insensible benefits, of which even the poison of infidelity and sensual fancy cannot entirely deprive this class of writings,\* some kinds of knowledge, and those very necessary, can hardly be communicated at all except by the medium of stories. You *must* have stories for children. All educators feel the necessity. Certain moral truths can be effectively inculcated but by fictitious examples. Fiction is an instrument, then, which we cannot do without. The point is to check its license, to restrain its excesses, to prevent its abuse, to give it a good direction, in fine. The most industrious novel-reader can only dispose of a limited quantity of fiction; it is a point gained if that, or at least, a part of it be innocuous. Ordinary readers can scarcely read more than a few romances in the course of a

\*By this we do not mean that novels tainted by infidelity and sensualism are not the most pernicious and deadly of all human writings, with a preponderance of direct evil over the incidental good absolutely incalculable, but merely that even so criminal an abuse of the divinely bestowed gifts of genius and imagination does not exclude some of their natural good effects—a simple truism, which we insert to show our fairness. The boon of existence to the offspring of guilty passion flows from that immense beneficence of the Creator, which human malice cannot defeat, but if, notwithstanding one mortal sin is an evil outweighing all natural good, what is to be said of those books which could not have been written without committing a host of mortal sins, and which cannot be read, under almost any circumstances, without committing a host of others?—Books which directly cause the shipwreck of faith and virtue in untold thousands, and that, perhaps, after the mischievous brain which conceived, and the guilty hand that penned them, have long mouldered into dust.

year, cheap as they are; if those few were simple, healthful, natural stories, built on a profound study of human nature and acknowledging the faith and morals of the Church, with a glad loyalty, nay, illustrating both as with the pencil of the artist, I cannot but think that it would be a great benefit. And could it be that under the forms of fiction might be inspired some horror at the persecutors of of the true religion, some sympathy for the sufferers for conscience' sake, if some principle of morality could be persuasively recommended, some institution of the Divine Author of religion set in a light of simple experience before the hitherto prejudiced eye, which would never glance at an argument—that would be a benefit, and one that a Catholic philosopher ought not to despise.

There is no greater mark of a shallow intellect than to overlook the importance of little things—no more certain note of folly than to trample on the immemorial instincts of the human race, all of which have a use in the wisdom and plan of God. It is a common, and in fact a Puritanical error to suppose that religion, because it does not rest upon the natural sentiments, can dispense with their aid or is bound to reject it. The weakness and inconstancy of man need every kind of support. The experiment of educating children by reason alone, without the allurements of reward or the terror of punishment, has uniformly failed. The mass of grown people, even of Catholics, in like manner, cannot be trusted to the simple influence of duty in the presence of temptation. It is very well to recommend people to read the lives of the saints instead of the pernicious novels of the day, but a vast number will certainly not take the advice, and would it not answer a good purpose to put into their hands some interesting but sound and healthy story, (if we can obtain such,) and say, "There, read that!"

Thus far I have considered all fictions as belonging to the same class, as if there were no difference of kind between them. Yet the difference is really immense between a novel—a high wrought tale of passion and incident—and a simple story—between a romance by Balzac or George Sand and a tale of Canon Schmid or Hendrick Conscience. The one may be condemned on principles which do not apply to the other, yet they are both fictions. When novels are reprobated then, it is to be understood that a particular class of fictions is meant, not fiction in general, which would be absurd. The beautiful story of Ondine by La Motte Fouqué is a fiction written by a Catholic too—who would ever think of confounding it *in genere* with the Notre Dame of Victor Hugo? It is here, in distinguishing between kind and kind, as in most cases of morals, that the true solution of this question is to be found. The critic who coarsely condemns fiction in the gross, instead of applying the rules of moral discrimination, enlightened by faith, to draw a clear, practical line between the innocent and the pernicious, the laudable and the immoral fiction, between the impassioned and exciting romance, (which may always be pronounced dangerous at least,) and the simple tale of real life, full of natural pathos and humble wisdom, instructive and entertaining at once—such a critic, I say, betrays extravagance; he does not treat human nature with that respect and tenderness, that consideration and indulgence, which the Church always shows in her dealings with it. The bow can't be bent so far without breaking. It is really a matter of great importance that we should have well-written, interesting, thoughtful, (if you please) imaginative stories, of a good moral tendency, and, so far as they go, Catholic, at least written on the assumption of the Catholic faith being true, to put into the hands of young people, and of those whom you cannot prevent reading fiction, do what you will. You cannot expect that such stories will be produced perfect at once, or that they will be free from grave faults of a literary, or



even of an ethical nature. This is inevitable, from the defective literary cultivation among us in proportion to our numbers and intelligence, and from the influence of the Protestant atmosphere by which we are surrounded, which some of us may have freely breathed and inhaled from infancy. I think that attempts of this kind should be treated with great indulgence, where a good motive is evident, even although the execution may not be very brilliant. The manner in which some well-meant efforts have been trampled literally into the dust, I can never approve of. I do not think that this ruthless severity with young and perhaps female writers is likely to elicit or to encourage talent. There are some intellectual constitutions, indeed, of that stubborn and elastic vigor, with such a healthy root of self-complacency or self-confidence, that they only rise up against this harshness and develop new forces under aggression. You will never hurt *them* by your criticism, however unrelenting, nor even by an affected and supercilious contempt. They will turn on you with suddenness, retort your sarcasms, expose the weakness of your analysis, and laugh at your pompous magisterial decision. Such people may fairly be left to take care of themselves. But I have known a person of more sensitive temperament, and rendered still more susceptible by her sex than by her really graceful talent, quite extinguished as a writer, (where she might, if encouraged, have been useful in time,) and actually hurried to the grave, by a thoughtless, over-caustic critique of her first work.

To conclude, (as it is high time I should,) the question, "Are we to have fiction?" may be answered unhesitatingly in the affirmative. We are to have it, and we *ought* to have it—but of the *right kind*. It may be some time yet. We await some gifted and at the same time simple-hearted writer, with a rich fund of Catholic principles and of human sympathies, able to touch the chords of feeling and yet incapable of abusing his power, with a talent in subjection to faith, a genius inspired by charity. There cannot be a doubt that such a writer would do a great deal of good, and negatively prevent a great deal of mischief. His writings would supply a great want. In the mean time, those who possess any measure of this exquisite talent, must do what they can, remembering that great writers are formed by degrees, one succeeding another with an added perfection and augmented power, so that each of us may be contributing by every sincere effort to form the style of him or her who is destined to surpass us all.

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## CIVILIZATION AND THE CHURCH.—II.

TRANSLATED FROM THE CIVILTA CATTOLICA.

I.—THE first mistake of the world in censuring the Church for not being a civilizer, is, as we observed, a confusion of ideas. It believes erroneously or pretends to believe, that the civilization which it prizes and desires, should be obtained through the labors of the Church.

Returning to the proper conception of this divine institution, we have showed how the direct action of the Church is in reality nothing else than the sanctification of souls ordained to the glory of God: for such is the end for which Christ came upon earth: such the mission given by Him to the apostles: such the fruit for the production and ripening of which the sacraments, the ministry, the hierarchical power of the Church have been established. Hence we inferred, that, if civili-

zation means perfection, the Church is essentially a civilizer; but a civilizer of an order superior to the human, that is, of a divine order: since the excellence to which she elevates man, is divine. This excellence is not apparent, indeed, because entirely interior and dwelling in the innermost recesses of the soul: "all the glory of the king's daughter is from within."—*Ps. xliv.* Although some rays burst forth in the multiplied acts of heavenly virtue, for "in golden borders she is clothed around about with varieties:"—*ibid.*—yet this beauty is concealed altogether or almost entirely from the dim and misty eyes of the world, which can only perceive what is material and noways superior to the bearing of the senses. But what of this! The chief thing is, that in the eyes of faith the slightest acts of humility, mortification, charity, performed under the influence of the grace which we receive in the Church, are inappreciable: so that in comparison they surpass immensely the most glorious undertakings, which belong to the merely natural order and form the admiration and the astonishment of the world.

If virtue and the distinct and active knowledge of our duties form the most vital elements of all human culture, the Church is necessarily a civilizer, because the establishment, the increase, the efficacy of this moral order are the objects of her direct and unremitted attention. With respect to the material or merely speculative order, we cannot promise ourselves from the Church any other than an indirect and secondary influence, that is, so far as this order is united with the primary one, as a means or a subject, in which the moral order shines forth exteriorly. And here we were obliged to distinguish this part, which is necessarily connected with the direct action of the Church, from the other, which is only partially connected with it. As to the first, we have seen that one of the effects inseparable from the action of the Church, is a moderate progress, which must arise in the inferior order, on account of her exterior and sensible worship, or of her organization as a visible society and moral body, or of the scientific and literary qualifications which she requires in her ministers.

As to the merely earthly grandeur, the development of profane sciences and arts, civil and political institutes and ordinances, national greatness, refinement of manners or comforts of life, that may or may not consist with orthodoxy of faith and rectitude of action, we remarked that it is a strange folly to expect such things directly or absolutely from the Church, when they have their origin in the natural activity of man, and are not necessarily connected with purity of faith or sanctity of life. This order of goods having a natural relation, not to the beatitude of a future life, but to the felicity of the present, the procuring or promoting of them in society belongs not to the action of the spiritual but of the temporal ministry; we mean that it is the scope and object of the vigilance and care of the state, whose proper duty it is to provide for the earthly prosperity and happiness of the people. We added, however, that the Church, even in this case, may have a powerful influence, by inspiring minds with the sublimity of her views, strengthening the will by the courage she infuses, elevating the end of human action by pointing out the glory of God, or directing its movements that it may not wander into the excesses of vice beyond what is lawful, or making everywhere predominant the element of virtue, which converts every kind of material increase into its own nourishment and a means for vaster and more splendid exterior operations. This is all the Church can do, and we repeat it here, that a clearer and more distinct idea of it may be impressed on the minds of our readers. Now, it is plain that the Church exerts her action at the present day as she always did, in the spiritual order, and in the material order also, so far as it is connected with the spiritual. She cannot

therefore be accused of not promoting civilization. But, as at other periods her influence contributed to merely human and material improvements, it is asked why that influence does not produce the same results now? The world complains of this, forgetting or dissembling the real cause, which is its own rebellion.

The Church no longer produces in our age the effects which were visible at other times in the work of civilization; she no longer gives birth to those grand achievements which rendered other epochs so famous and glorious. Very true:—let us grant the proposition. But what is the cause of this change? This is the real question; on this the whole discussion turns. Does it proceed from any change in the maxims of the Church, from a different direction given to its action, or from any wasting away of its virtue? It would be a very great folly to indulge such an opinion. The Church believes and professes to-day the same truths that she believed and professed from the beginning: her present faith is only her ancient inheritance. She has added nothing, subtracted nothing: nor can it be otherwise, if the word of Christ is true. The direction then of her movement is the same as it was in the beginning, that is to convert hearts to God. The contrary is not conceivable: because the action of an operative being is moved and directed by the person, and the personality of the Church is Christ himself, of whom she is the mystical body.—(1 Cor. vii: Eph. v.) As long then as Christ does not change his views or intention, the Church will be immutable in both. And hence also it follows that her virtue must be always vigorous with eternal youth, for the source whence it flows never grows old, as it is Christ himself. He “remains with her all days even to the consummation of ages,”—(Matth. xxviii, 20,)—and by her means continues the work, for which He was sent among us by His Father.—(Jo. xx, 21.) Hence the action and virtue of the Church are not only directed and assisted by Christ, but more properly are the action and virtue of Christ himself, which operate invisibly by means of His visible body, to which He has given the form of the Church: exactly as the action of our animated body is not that of the body itself, but properly of the soul, which gives the body life and uses its members as so many instruments to which it communicates its virtue. Hence the failure, of which we have spoken above, cannot be attributed to any sterility that has blasted the operative virtue of the Church, for it is certain that this virtue is without any intrinsic change, the same now that it always was.

Whence then, it is asked, proceeds this failure? It proceeds from the lamentable apostasy which has separated human civilization from the Church. The Church at other times directed and promoted it. Why? Because in the ages of faith, it was pleased to submit to her action, strengthen itself by her divine conceptions and draw life from her supernal inspirations. Every thing in those days was in some manner sacred: every thing had some relation or connection with the interests of religion and received its impulse and direction from religion. The voice of a Pope was enough to set Europe in motion and hurl it upon Asia, not to avenge the rape of a Helen, or to twine a wreath around the brows of some conqueror; but to free a Christian nation from the fury of Mahometanism and redeem the sepulchre of a God made man. The diadem did not rest upon the head of monarchs if the sacred chrism had not first impressed upon it a character of sanctity, which, consecrating them as defenders of the Church and of the poor, rendered them venerable in the eyes of their subjects. In social quarrels the pontiffs sat as umpires, at one time between people and people, at another between people and prince, and again between prince and supreme ruler: to which dignity belonged in a particular manner the defence of Christianity. The first political body of the state was com-

posed of bishops: the canon laws were above the civil: the administrators of justice referred to councils, in order to learn there principles of right and the manner of dispensing it among the people.

"The judges and fiscal agents, by a decree of our most glorious prince, should be present at the assembly of the priests that *they may learn how kindly and justly they should act with the people*. For according to the royal admonition, the bishops are the inspectors of the manner in which the judges should act with the people, so that after having admonished them, they may correct them or in their audiences of the prince make known their perverseness."—(*Conc. Tolet*, iii, c. 18, apud Harduin, t. iii, p. 482.) Such was the ordinance published in Spain in the name of the holy king Reccaredus. And to adduce an example from France and Germany also, Carloman decreed in his Capitularies: "We wish and command that all from the lowest to the highest, should obey their priests, both of the higher and lower orders, as God, whose representatives they are. We command therefore that all should obey them, as much as possible, in the execution of their ministry and the coercing of the wicked, of sinners and of the negligent. Those then, who should be found, which God forbid, negligent or disobedient to them, must know that they cannot retain any honors in our empire, even though they be our children, nor hold any place in our palace, nor any society nor communion with us nor with ours, but rather shall suffer punishment in great severity and rigor . . . and also shall be censured as infamous and manifest reprobates, and their houses shall be confiscated and themselves be sent into exile."—(*Capit.*, t. i, an. 805, apud Baluzium.) From Germany St. Henry, emperor, wrote to Pope Benedict VIII, in these terms: "All that your paternity has established and reformed by the synod for the necessary good of the Church, as a son I praise, confirm and approve . . . and thus before God and the Church, confirm as a thing, that is to remain forever and always to be regarded among the public rights and solemnly to be inscribed in the human laws."—(*Lab. Con.* t. ix, p. 831.) Such was the spirit that originated; such the direction that promoted civilization in the middle ages. A spirit and a direction which she usually maintained and preserved, until the enemy of all good succeeded in sowing the tares of Protestantism in the evangelical field of European nations. Actuated by this spirit, the power of civilization was everywhere felt. The universities, created for the most part by the clergy, were governed by ordinances sanctioned by the Church and depended often on the popes immediately. Education was entrusted to sacred ministers: to religious orders were entrusted the care and administration of the public institutions of Christian charity: the industrial and mechanical arts, even commerce itself was impressed with a sacred character and under the guardianship of a heavenly protector. Nay, more; even the profession of arms was consecrated by religion and the sword was girded on in the temple by the hand of the priest, who reminded the new knight of his obligations to God and bound him by solemn oath to use these arms for the defence of the Church and the guardianship of the weak and oppressed. In fine, all the social institutions had a religious sanction, a sacred seal, a Christian appearance. The earth, although distinct from heaven, was not divorced from it, but rendered subordinate to it. Material interests were united with the spiritual: the present life was considered as a ladder to the future. And so was verified in all its fulness that prophetic voice of Isaiah: "And gentiles shall walk in thy light and kings in the brightness of thy rising."—(1, 3.)

In those times, indeed, men would have had a right to ask, what is the Church doing? What impulse does it give to civilization? What beneficial effects, what grandeur does she transfuse into it? If this had been asked then, all the nations

of Europe would have immediately arisen to answer; for they were created and elevated to a civilized condition by the Church. France would have replied, formed, according to Gibbon's expression, by the hands of bishops. Spain would have replied, adapted to laws, as Guizot confesses, and civilly and politically fashioned by the decrees of councils. Germany and England would have answered, drawn, as it were, from nothing and worse than nothing, from barbarism itself by the zealous labors of monks, who becoming apostles introduced civilization with the faith, and dictated laws and established customs. Scandinavia and Russia would have answered, which received the first seeds of civilization, the one from the holy bishop Anscherius, the other from the holy bishop Ignatius. All civilized nations would have answered, who from the Greco-Roman corruption or the ferocity of barbaric hordes were regenerated to civil life through the indefatigable labors of the Catholic Church.

The suppression of slavery, a most ancient wound in the social body, and so inveterate as to be considered forever incurable; sovereignty reduced to its pure conception of a sacred ministry, ordained not for the glory of him that reigns, but for the good of the people, who are governed: the dependence of *violent* subjection converted into a decorous and meritorious obedience, because no longer given to man on account of man, but to man on account of God, whose place man holds upon this earth: the heroism of the Crusaders, in comparison with whom the most celebrated warriors of history and of ancient fable dwindle into insignificance; the liberation of Spain from the Saracen yoke after 800 years of obstinate fighting: the right of conquest abolished, unless a solid reason justified it: the centuries of conflict between Christian civilization and Ottoman barbarism, terminated by the definite triumph of the former: the discovery of the New World: the most useful inventions that the present age enjoys: the master-pieces of every kind of art and science: the most stately edifices, wonders not less of architecture and strength than of mind and hand: these and other such wonders, which no age will ever rival, not to say, surpass, are precisely the glories of that society, which was developed under the influences of the religion of Christ.

But now-a-days things are quite different. That powerful and magnificent progress was broken in the midst of its course. A great separation was brought about between society and the Church. The emancipation from the divine authority of this Church, proclaimed by the apostate of Wittemberg, has gone on enlarging itself by degrees, and from the religious sphere has passed into morals and science, and hence into the civil and political orders and, as it were, into all the relations of human life. Instead of the resplendent and undying torch of faith, the dim and flickering taper of human reason has been substituted. To the pontiffs and sacred doctors have succeeded the philosophers and philanthropists, to whom the supreme government and direction of ideas regarding the progress of nations have been given. The treaty of Westphalia uprooted and separated by one blow the political principle from the religious. From that time alliances, treaties, war and peace have been deprived of every spiritual element, and governments have no other laws for their deliberations than their exterior worldly interests. Princes have withdrawn their temporal authority from all dependence upon the spiritual, not thinking that they thus opened a way for its dependence upon the caprice of the multitudes. Laws of a vague and loose character have been introduced, having no other tendency than to promote mere earthly interests. The new assemblies that have taken the place of the old, are merely laic and political. Science is to be cultivated merely in the name of reason and under the direction of

the state. Education is taken from the clergy and entrusted to the laity, who alone are proclaimed equal to the exigencies of the times and the depositaries of the new wisdom. Philanthropy has been substituted for charity, that is, the love of man for man's sake is substituted for the love of man for God's sake. Institutions of public beneficence are withdrawn from the hands of the clergy in order to subject them to the civil government. The Church has lost her influence upon industry by the abolition of the corporations of arts and trades. Every thing in fine has been secularized.

Not satisfied with this, the new reformers were ingenious in weakening the action of the Church even in the purely religious circle, by prohibiting the publication of the decrees and rescripts from Rome without the placet or permission of a kind of lay anti-pope; or by the obstacles thrown in the way of a free communication between the bishops and their supreme head; or by the impediments to the celebration of councils; or by the disesteem of the canon law; or in fine by the almost total withdrawal of the religious orders from the obedience of their general superior residing in Rome. And thus, after having deprived the Church of all influence in earthly affairs, and shut her up within the precincts of the temple to govern there the consciences of the devout, they have sought by a thousand clogs and incumbances to diminish and weaken the hierarchy even in matters entirely religious, in order that her action may be curtailed as much as possible.

Now such being the separation and withdrawal of the civil and political order, and of all the social relations, from the religious, is it not clear that the world unjustly blames and condemns the Church, for not acting any longer in human affairs? If itself has removed and impeded her influence, what impudence on its part to tax her with doing nothing, when on the contrary it formerly nailed her to the cross, on the plea of her doing too much? What unexampled cynicism! Is it not adding insult to rebellion? Is it not a contempt and ridicule of common sense, or of that decorum which should be observed exteriorly, at least, if not further? Whoever is not mentally blind, must perceive, and whoever has not grown hardened to falsehood, must confess, that when this outrage had been perpetrated, there remained nothing else for the Church but to confine herself to her own sphere and devote all her energies to the prosecution of the duty assigned her by Christ, in the sanctification of souls. This the Church has done: and the world has no right to throw upon her the blame of its own defection, or to complain that she no longer obtains for it what by its rebellion from her it is unwilling to receive. As long as the Church continues the salutary work, which is her direct aim, so long does she labor for the cause of true civilization; because she saves its principal and vital elements, which are truth and virtue. As to the other parts of this civilization, which have a more immediate reference to material developments, she is compelled to leave them to their own care and to the purely natural evolution of the social faculties.

And here notice the admirable but terrible designs of divine wisdom. Exactly in this its fault did the world meet with its chastisement. The Church constrained to leave civilization to the world, in fact abandoned it: and by this abandonment alone it inflicts upon it the most terrible punishment, by giving it up to a reprobate sense. She behaved in its regard, as God had already done with the wise men of paganism. As St. Paul teaches in his profound epistle to the Romans, they knew God, but did not glorify Him as God. The apostle shows us in consequence, that the just Judge in punishment permitted them to become "vain in their thoughts and their foolish hearts were darkened. For professing themselves to be wise, they



became fools. And they changed the glory of the incorruptible God into the likeness of corruptible man, and of birds, and of four-footed beasts, and of creeping things. Therefore God gave them up to the desires of their heart, unto uncleanness, to dishonor their own bodies among themselves . . . to shameful affections . . . being filled with all iniquity, malice, fornication, avarice, wickedness, full of envy, murder, contention, deceit, malignity, whisperers, detractors, hateful to God, contumelious, proud, haughty, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents, foolish, dissolute, without affection, without fidelity, without mercy." Such is in part the magnificent panegyric, the noble sketch which the doctor of the gentiles has drawn of those ancient philosophers, so glorious, so bepraised in pagan history: and such the reproof he casts in their teeth, for not having been obedient to God. We know not what certain honey-mouthed men will say of this, who knit their brows and distort their countenances, when they hear some sprinkling of these invectives against other characters, more impious even than were the ancient pagans.

Returning however to ourselves; a similar misfortune seems to have fallen on this worldly civilization in its rebellion against the Church. It had known the Church of the living God: and instead of venerating in her the incorruptible God, who established her as His city and kingdom, it turned away to adore corruptible man and invoke the aid of quadrupeds and serpents, as certainly some of the philanthropists and regenerators of these days could be called, in consideration of the folly of their doctrine and the poison of their practice. Well—by the just judgment of God, the Church has given it up to a perverse sense. Thus all may have a true experience of the value of human civilization, when the light and strength that come from above are refused to it: and whoever will not change his ideas, will be inexcusable.

To comprehend well this practical lesson, a few sketches will suffice: the limits of an article not permitting us to write more at length. We shall then only glance at the miserable condition of philosophy in Germany, politics in France, industry in England.

As to Germany, in what at last have ended all the gigantic efforts, the long meditations, the unmeasured erudition of the sublimest understandings? In forgetting the most elementary and obvious principles of right reason: in the loss even of common sense: in involving themselves in a labyrinth of vain formulæ, at one time idealistic, at another sceptic, at another still pantheistic, among which you seek in vain a path by which to extricate yourself. The pestilent gloom, void of all comfort and bringing only anguish and death, began to extend from the Northern clouds over the rest of Europe, threatening to pervert, to extinguish all light of the mind, every affection of the heart. And wo to us, if the Church, shining in the midst of us as an inextinguishable beacon, had not imparted to us her supernal light, or preserved by Catholic instruction the truths most essential to the moral life of man. Who can know into what an abyss of most pernicious errors we would now be tossed in the name of progress! Great are the evils of ignorance, but far greater are those of false science. It is a hundred times less harm to know nothing, than to be learned to the ruin of what is true and good.

In France too, after so many theories and disputes about social and political right, the publicists of a country that deems herself the mistress of nations, saw themselves obliged to distil their brains in order to teach and defend, what? the first rudiments of civil society, property and the family, beset at the same time by the force of the populace and the sophisms of bearded universalists. Unchained from the professor's chair and the arena of the schools that it might pass into the

street, the hydra of socialism and communism reduced the honest citizens of that generous nation, after having experienced all forms of government, to the brink of a social chaos, and forced them, through the hourly dread of robbery and assassination, to the cruel necessity of entrusting to the musket the guardianship of their property and life: a worse state than is found among the Bedouins of Asia or the Black Feet of America. And had not a providential man, more through a divine dispensation than through human thought or foresight, crushed by a masterly stroke the idol that threatened the extermination of its stupid adorers, we would have seen the savage state renewed in civilized Europe and every social element in a blaze.

And the new Tyre! Though the envied queen of the seas and almost the ruler of Asia, yet she has drawn no other fruit from her vast commerce, her long traffic and refined manufactures, than to reduce to the most lamentable indigence better than the third part of her population, and reproduce, in the midst of Christian civilization, a slavery, under certain aspects, more frightful than the ancient. In her caverns of fossil coal an immense crowd of adults are buried alive, to drag on a little while a life poisoned by the pestiferous exhalations of their mephitic abode: and in her noisy factories a crowd of youths stupefy their minds and ruin their health in casting a piece of cotton or wool between the swift woof, with no other advantage than that of not dying of hunger. And yet he who has read the history of his own times, knows to what inglorious shifts that government was obliged to have recourse during the late revolutions in order to prolong her political existence. These are the glorious and precious fruits of civilization emancipated from the Church.

Nor is this all. Withersoever we move our steps or turn our looks, we meet with the lurid speeches, the frightful images of social corruption. The increasing indigence of the masses: the multitude made the tool of cunning and factious demagogues: crowds of languid working men, crushed under the burthens of a brute to increase the profits of cruel and avaricious speculators: the lower orders restless, prone to crimes hitherto unheard of: eager for an earthly happiness, which they will never taste, and forgetful of a heavenly beatitude, which they might with certainty enjoy: every where unbridled desires, ferocious hatred, and overboiling passions.

Lying philanthropists! Were these your magnificent promises? In vain do you flatter us, magnifying the external splendor of modern society, pointing out the facility of intercommunication, the ease and expedition of navigation, the political machinery so elaborately finished. In vain do you think to quiet us by showing us your machines, your founderies, your athenæums, your philanthropic institutes, your artifices of government. We ask you for life and you show us the grave. Break, cast down that wall, so beauteous apparently, and beneath you will see the nests, the filth of the serpent and every creeping thing. And of what will you glory? Of your colleges? But, if you remove the element of Christian education, they become houses of corruption, where the strength of the wicked is wasted even before it is developed. Of your universities? But entrusted to the government of mere reason, from abodes of wisdom they are transformed into hotbeds of revolution, nests of sectaries, that bring up youth in ignorance and immorality. Of your academies? But they present the image of Babelian confusion, if the horrible doctrines there imbibed did not paint in our minds something yet more horrible. The people educated by you become more miserable, ungovernable, without loyalty, without morals, and what is worse, without hope. The

asylums for beggary, the institutions of public beneficence, withdrawn from the care of those who served there gratuitously for the love of Christ, are converted into inheritances for office-hunters, who fatten on the tears and sufferings of the poor. Heaven forgotten, religion despised, crimes multiplied, a burning thirst for pleasures, equally pernicious when satisfied and not satisfied: minds puffed up with pride: souls hardened by egotism: such is the work of your hands.

Meanwhile, what are you doing? Laughing in your heart at all these wounds, with a theatrical compassion, you offer new promises, hoping still to find some who will believe your lies. Cease to mock our miserable humanity. You are incapable of producing any good. And do you know why? Because you want the spark of divine charity: and this must be necessarily wanting to you, because you want faith in God. Look at what you do, when you wish to be compassionate. You run to sound the trumpet, to write in some journal, what given by the right hand Christ desired should be unknown to the left. You do even more. Stunned by the clamors of the indigent and the hungry, if you resolve at last to give them some relief, you plan some party, a ball, a philanthropic feast, that the excitement of voluptuousness may be the principle and the companion of the purest among the virtues. Nor in truth can you act otherwise: because the pagan spirit, which you have raised up again, has no other way to work but in the voluptuous delights of the senses, as it has no other support for its belief than in the staggering dictate of human reason.

This is the sublime grade to which the reprobate world has led its civilization by its rebellion from the Church. God grant that things may stop here. But if a prompt and efficacious restitution of the union between civilization and the Church do not take place, subjecting it to her guidance and guardian care, we shall fall into evils yet worse and perhaps irremediable. It is not necessary to swallow the chalice of evil even to the dregs, in order to know the insidious poison. Our past experience is enough. For the rest, the sole reading of the works of these modern reformers, who speak without mystery, shows clearly to what an unhappy term they wish to lead us. They unveil the jargon of the deceitful language held by others, who believe it their duty yet to dissemble. These tell you openly, that when they promise to remove misery from the world, they mean by misery every restraint on their wicked desires and animal propensities. When they promise a perfect form of government, under this name they understand anarchy, which they enshrine and deify. When they affirm that the chains forged by despotism and fanaticism must be removed, by chains they mean the laws of justice, honor and modesty. When they promise a purer religion, they mean atheism, not only permitted, but commanded to each individual. We should be led too far, were we to continue this dark and atrocious exposition. He that loves to know more about them and to assure himself by authentic testimonials, can read the excellent work entitled: *Sketch of Socialism*: in which the original texts are reported at length. In the meanwhile let us conclude that the reproof against the Church of not being now a civilizer, proceeds not only from a distorted idea but from a forgetfulness of an historical fact. The subject well examined not only justifies the Church from the accusation, but besides convicts the world of dishonesty: and of a dishonesty not only censurable on account of its intrinsic guilt, but execrable too on account of the very grievous losses of which it is the sad source, by separating human progress from its true principle of life.

## THE PROPHECIES OF MALACHI.—II.

## PIUS VII. AQUILA RAPAX—A RAPACIOUS EAGLE.

Six months after the death of Pius VI, early in the year 1800, Cardinal Chiaramonte ascended the Pontifical throne, under the title of Pius VII. It is not our present purpose to write a history of his pontificate, but merely by noticing a few events, to see how far the prophecy of Malachi might be considered as verified in his regard. The prophecy we have quoted above: "*Aquila rapax—rapacious eagle.*" Now let us see what the eagle had to do with Pius VII.

At this time there lived one Napoleon Bonaparte, a renowned warrior, whose ensign was a spread eagle. Under this ominous standard he had conquered, and pillaged, and murdered, far and wide; there was scarce a country of Europe which had not suffered more or less from his depredations. And now the time had come when the warrior wished to become emperor of France, and nothing less would serve his high purpose than that the Pope should come from Rome to anoint and to crown him. The ancient royal residence at Fontainebleau was selected as the place for the coming interview between his Holiness and the Emperor. And therefore suitable preparations for the event were commenced. But Napoleon was one of those impatient geniuses who are unable to wait. Accordingly, instead of waiting for the Pope to make his entry into Fontainebleau, he got into a carriage, and drove towards him. The meeting took place at the Cross of St. Herem. Pius VII stepped into the emperor's carriage, sat down on his right hand, and on the 25th of November, 1804, at about two o'clock in the afternoon, they entered Fontainebleau together, and passed the remainder of the day there.

This was the first meeting of the dove and the eagle. He had not fairly plumed his wings yet. Six years later, on the 19th of June, Pius VII again entered Fontainebleau; but this time without any one going to meet him; for he did not make his appearance as a sovereign pontiff, but as a prisoner. The eagle had made his swoop now; let us see to it.

On the 27th of December, 1807, Napoleon issued that terrible decree, which ordered all English merchandise to be burned which could be seized in France, and in the different kingdoms over which he had power; and which likewise prohibited any goods conveyed by British vessels, or of British manufacture, from being imported into France, or the dominions dependent on it; and which likewise forbade the whole world to hold intercourse with Britain in any shape. His aim in this was of course the humiliation of England. This decree was ratified by the great continental coalition formed by the peace of Tilsit. At this time the only unswerving friend that England found was the Pope: he argued that Britain was to him a friendly country, from whom he had received no wrong, and that therefore he could not close his ports against English vessels. In spite of the emperor's anger and threats, the Papal sea-ports were always patent to British traders. This was the first wound in the eagle's side, and it festered. Let us here pause a moment to contrast the steady fidelity of the Pope with the recent conduct of England towards his present Holiness. When a cabal of desperadoes drove him an exile from his patrimony, after besieging him in his own palace, and slaughtering his body-guard and his household, the English journals, with scarce an exception, forgetting the ties of gratitude and friendship, raised an "Io triumphe!" at his fall, and never ceased from first to last to halloo on the hounds upon his track; every exploit

of the *soi-disant* patriots was lauded to the echo; and deeds they never did were duly chronicled and eulogised by mendacious journalists. And when "the eldest daughter of the Church" loyally came to his rescue, no names were bad enough for the gallant French generals or the brave French soldiers who drove the abomination of desolation from the holy places. As for Mazzini, Garibaldi, Gavazzi, and the other outlaws, our infidel press would lick the dust beneath their feet.

Great events now came thick and fast,—so thick and so fast that we cannot pretend to particularise them. A word will be enough for our purpose. The emperor had long been eaten up with a desire of having an heir to his greatness; this was the one thing wanting to fix his power for ever. On one occasion the empress shed tears on parting from her son Eugene. "You weep," said Napoleon to her, "you weep for a momentary separation: if the grief of quitting one's children is so great, it must be a great blessing to possess them; judge, then, what those must suffer who have none." Napoleon was a man of few words, and the empress soon divined the meaning of this remark. It foreboded what was soon after formally announced to her,—the intended divorce. In this, however, he wished much to have the Church on his side; he accordingly wearied the Pope with importunities to sanction his separation from his wife, and threatened vengeance in case of refusal. The Church never sought to be a friend of Cæsar on such terms; and though there are some people who persist in asserting that the Catholic Church will sanction the doing of evil that good may result from it, yet here we have an instance of the Pope standing by the right, in spite of imperial smiles on one side, and imperial vengeance on the other. He steadily refused his sanction to the divorce. Again: Napoleon found that in order to be omnipotent, he must have the Church under his thumb; and to this end he must have the appointment of the bishops vested in himself. His next effort then was to induce the Pope to sign a concordat, regarding the institution of French bishops. Again the Pope demurred. This was too much for one to bear who knew no law but his own will. By a decree of the 17th of May, 1809, the emperor put an end to the temporal power of the Pope, uniting his territories to the French empire; and Pius himself was seized in his own palace, and hurried off as a prisoner into France. Not a moment was allowed him to prepare for the journey. Dressed as he was, he was forced into a carriage, and driven at once out of the city. A single friend accompanied him: and on comparing notes when they had progressed some miles over the Campagna, the two illustrious exiles found that their united purses amounted to the sum of three half-pence. Pius was never allowed to leave the travelling carriage for an instant, night or day, for any purpose whatsoever. At Acquapendente, he begged a glass of water and a clean shirt from a peasant who stood by the way-side. And we can easily imagine how readily the boon was granted, when it was known who the petitioner was. It must have been a solace to the Holy Pontiff's heart, to witness the devotion of the people; for in spite of emperor, officers, and soldiery, the faithful people came pouring to the roads, when it became known whom the carriage contained; and mile after mile thousands prostrated themselves to the ground, crying aloud for the Papal blessing. At length he once more reached Fontainebleau, but a prisoner this time. And now every art was plied to induce him to sign the desired concordat, but for a long time it was all in vain. On one occasion, when a courtly prelate remonstrated with him for his obstinacy (as he termed it,) and said how foolish it was, Pius replied in the words of Holy Writ: "*Nos stulti propter Christum; We are foolish for Christ's sake.*"

Towards the commencement of January, 1813, Napoleon came to Fontainebleau. He was anxious to settle the affairs of the Church before going to Saxony; accordingly he came and enquired for the Pontifical prisoner. He was told, that, in spite of the permission which had been granted him to walk in the garden, and although the imperial carriages had been placed at his service every day, the Pope had refused to put his foot outside his room. "Tush," said Napoleon, "he wishes to be considered a martyr." He then announced himself to Pius VII. The interview was long and animated, but led to nothing. Napoleon came away from him the more furious, because owing to the venerable age of the Pope, he had been obliged to a certain extent, to restrain his wrath—but when he met Cardinal Fesch in the Gallery of Diana, he related to him what had taken place, and as the Cardinal remained silent, Napoleon said, "Where does the obstinate old man want me to send him?"

"Perhaps to Heaven," replied the Cardinal, and the answer sufficed to calm the Emperor.

It would keep us too long to tell all he suffered during the two long years of captivity, which Pius spent at Fontainebleau. Nor need we say, how, in a moment of fainting and sickness, the poor old Pontiff, worn out by the advice, entreaties, and persuasions of those around him, at length put his name to the fatal concordat, but on condition that it should not be promulgated for the present. But to his alarm and amazement it was published the very next day. He at once retracted his assent, as faith had not been kept with him; and he never ceased to repent of the false steps into which the weakness of a moment had betrayed him. We will present one more picture of the eagle and the dove, and we have done. It is related by an eye-witness.

Pius VII, sat in a large easy chair, the arms of which were formed of massive lions' heads, carved in black oak. The Pontiff sat still, with hand on breast and downcast eyes, as was his custom. The Emperor paced the apartment, his eye was calm, and his classical features were lit up with that playful, coaxing smile, which none could assume better than himself. The tones of his voice were light and sportive—in fact, he was trying, at that moment, to *wheel* the Pope. "Come, Holy Father," said he, "don't look so stern! People have made me out to be a worse boy than I am. I certainly have toyed a little with Voltaire; but I have no opinion of him after all. And some of these days, I'll let loose an unfrocked Redemptorist against him, and that will settle him. And as for Mother Church, she hasn't anywhere a more obedient son than myself. If you would only give in a little now, and strive to make things pleasant, we might get on very well together, I'm sure. You should keep the keys, and I the sword; you would have the care of spirituals, and I would look to the treasury and such temporal dross. Then, whenever I wanted to go out to fight, I would bring my sword to you, and you should bless it; and I would go forth, conquering and to conquer. Wouldn't that be an agreeable consummation for all parties? Playing into each other's hands in this way, we should be quite irresistible; and we should share the whole world like a bon-bon between us. Is it not so, Santo Padre?" He paused and a beautiful smile played across his lips, but there was a more earnest expression lurking in his eye. The Pope sat still as a statue, his eyes cast down as usual, and for a moment he seemed to be uttering a few words within himself, or communing with his guardian angel. Then he raised his eyes, heaved a sigh, and uttered one word:

"Commediante!" said he; *he's a comedian.*



Napoleon stood as one entranced; had he heard aright, or was it a mocking echo? There was silence for an instant, and then the storm fairly burst forth. "A comedian! I, a comedian! Yes, I'll show you rare shows. Kings and princes, and emperors, shall be my puppets, and the world shall see a show of cruffbling empires. A comedian, indeed! Yes, when your thrones rattle about your ears, it will be a rare sight for it, and your spectators can enjoy it as they may. And as for you, Signor Chiaramonte, you are the greatest puppet of them all. Who are you? Why if I didn't look grave when I salute you, the army and the people would at once laugh you to scorn. But I'll crush your tiara in the dust yet. What my predecessor Charlemagne gave, I will abrogate, and let us see the poor despised figure you will cut, when the comedian makes a show of you. Look you, Signor, as I treat this Sevres vase, thus will I treat you, and others more mighty than you ever were! A comedian, indeed!" He ceased, and dashed into a thousand atoms, on the marble floor, a china *garde de fleur*, which he had lifted from the table. His eye flashed fire, and those present felt as if the poor old man must have been blasted beneath the flame. He sat motionless, and unmoved, and passionless as an Egyptian statue. Again he sighed, communed for a moment with his guardian angel, calmly raised his eyes, and said, "Tragediante! *he's a tragedian!*"

It was too much for the Emperor; he was out-manœuvred; once he paced the length of the room, and then dashed out, banging the door behind him.

On January the 14th, 1814, Pius retraced his steps from Fontainebleau to Rome. Another year, and the eagle was chained on a lonely ocean rock. Pius now lies in the peaceful vaults of the Vatican basilica, "lapped in lead." Religion is as flourishing as if Napoleon had never threatened to annihilate the Papacy, and Madame Tussaud, for sixpence extra, shows you Rush the murderer, Napoleon's sword and tooth-brush, and the bed where, for the last time he styled himself "*tête d'armée*."—*Lamp*.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## THE MISSION OF FLOWERS.

FLOWERS of the field, how meet ye seem

Man's frailty to portray,—

Blooming so fair in morning's beam,

Passing at eve away!

Teach this; and, oh! though brief your reign,  
Sweet flowers, ye shall not live in vain.

Go form a monitory wreath

For youth's unthinking brow;

Go, and to busy mankind breathe

What most he fears to know;

Go strew the path where age doth tread,  
And tell him of the silent dead.

But whilst to thoughtless ones and gay

Ye breathe those truths severe,

To those who droop in pale decay

Have ye no words of cheer?

Oh, yes! ye weave a double spell  
And death and life betoken well.

Go, then, where wrapt in fear and gloom

Fond hearts and true are sighing,

And deck with emblematic bloom

The pillow of the dying;

And softly speak, nor speak in vain,  
Of the long sleep and broken chain.

And say that He who from the dust

Recalls the slumbering flower,

Will surely visit those who trust

His mercy and his power,

Will mark where sleeps their peaceful clay,  
And roll, ere long, the stone away.

*Lamp.*

## ON BAD BOOKS.—II.

III. I read all kinds of books, but no bad impression remains on my mind, know my religion.

You maintain then that the perusal of dangerous writings makes no bad impression on you. But the Church is of quite another sentiment. She is thoroughly convinced that bad reading makes a very unfavorable impression on the faithful; consequently she forbids it strictly. She sometimes grants to certain persons permission to read books contrary to religion, when she knows that these persons will not be injured by them, on account of their learning and attachment to the faith; but as she knows the heart of man and the danger of such reading for the faithful at large, she positively forbids it to them. Experience alone would be sufficient to prove how judicious and beneficial is such a measure. We imperceptibly imbibe the views and prejudices of those we frequent. Books are companions and friends. If we read bad ones, we frequent evil company, we will be perverted.

The wisest and most experienced men are of opinion that a little learning on the subject of religion, such as is generally possessed by the Catholics of our times, is not sufficient to neutralize the danger found in books or periodicals which direct their insidious attacks against Catholicity. And in fact we see that imprudent Catholics who read every sort of literary productions do not preserve their faith intact. Many prejudices against the doctrine and the discipline of the Church fill their minds. Yet, they believe themselves very good Catholics, because their religious instruction is too limited to enable them to perceive what is opposed to the true principles of faith. Here we may observe that it is one thing to know religion, to practise it with simplicity and submission, and another thing to know it so as to receive no injurious impression from a multitude of objections often presented in the most artful manner.

IV. Bad books are generally well written; we read them for the sake of the style. Good books well written are wanting.

Good books well written are not wanting, but good taste is wanting. To be convinced of it, look at the catalogue of Catholic works offered for sale. Persons accustomed to frivolous literature cannot relish what is serious and solid; they have other things in view besides the style. We shall examine elsewhere what must be thought of the style of novels.

It is a sad reflection to be made here that the tendency to the romantic is singularly promoted by the kind of education which a large number of young persons receive. A grave and solid education is almost out of season. The fine arts are too often considered the most essential part of it. To learn singing and drawing, to practise on the piano or the harp, to attend lessons in painting and dancing, is called receiving a brilliant and finished education. Alas! how few "valiant women" and good managers will come out of such schools! It would be desirable then for the happiness of families that parents and teachers should endeavor to inspire the young with the love of industry, a taste for useful occupations and for books of solid instruction.

Having now shown the futility of the pretexts alleged to authorize the reading of dangerous books, we proceed to demonstrate that such books are the greatest scourge of religion, of society and the family.

1. Books contrary to faith are the greatest scourge of religion.

We have proved that bad books weaken and destroy faith. Now, religion is nothing else than faith reduced to practice. The religious or the just man liveth by faith. If faith is taken away, there is no religion, no Church; human and individual opinions alone remain. Every one may make for himself a sort of religion according to his fancy, but it does not deserve the name of religion. True religion consists in knowing God, in worshipping, in loving, in serving Him as He wishes to be known, worshipped, loved and served. But faith only teaches us how God wishes to be served, and this faith is preserved entire only in the holy Catholic Church. Therefore to attack, to weaken or destroy this divine faith, is to attack, to weaken and to destroy religion itself. Consequently bad books are the greatest scourge of religion. But to attack religion is to attack God Himself, is to war against "Jesus Christ, the author and finisher of faith."

2. Bad books are the greatest scourge of civil society.

Because they destroy its basis and its most essential elements. The basis of civil society is religion. All must agree on this principle. All ages proclaim it loudly. "It would be more easy," says Plutarch, "to build a house in the air than to found a state without religion." The root of all authority is God considered as Creator, Supreme Legislator and Rewarder. Deny this principle and you deny law, authority, duty, submission, justice and recompense. Without the knowledge and the love of God imparted by true religion, nothing but disorder will exist; every thing is left to chance and becomes the sport of human passions. Bad books which destroy religion, the basis of society, destroy therefore society itself; and the perverse men who by means of impious and licentious writings, endeavor to propagate the forgetfulness and the contempt of God in propagating the forgetfulness and the contempt of religion, are accordingly the worst enemies of society and the promoters of every crime. Yet, these unhappy individuals have the hardihood to assume the pompous title of philanthropists, friends of man! Faith, reason and experience demonstrate that wherever religion loses its influence, crimes are multiplied. How can it be otherwise? Is it not religion which by proclaiming awful truths, sets the strongest check to the commission of crime, and often prevents it effectually? Is it not religion which by the divine helps it affords, and the eternal rewards it promises, enables us to practise all the virtues and to make all the sacrifices necessary for the welfare of our neighbor?

Religion proclaims the sanction and the authority of the law, the important duties of rulers, and requires probity and integrity in the public administration. If she requires authority to be respected because it emanates from the sovereign Legislator, who is God, she insists not less strongly on the duties of princes towards their subjects. She alone has labored successfully "to emancipate the nations" and to abolish slavery. She reformed the civil and military legislation, the common and international law, and the law of war. She presides over human actions, creates good faith in commercial transactions, condemns every species of injustice, and imparts to man the power to resist cupidity, the prolific source of crime and wretchedness. Religion in fine is the greatest consolation of suffering humanity. By pointing to a divine Saviour who was voluntarily poor and who promises an everlasting recompense to the charitable, she moves the heart of the rich, comforts the indigent, and procures abundant succors to the destitute. Charity and devotedness have ever followed her steps, and worked in all countries miracles of beneficence, by constructing hospitals, founding religious orders, erecting monuments, all consecrated to the relief of human misery in all its forms. Let a cold philanthropy, so ambitious of praise, and so little inclined to noble sacrifices show us something

similar! Under whatever aspect therefore we view society, either in its basis or in its constituting elements, we find that its welfare is closely connected with the Catholic religion, so that to attack, to weaken, to destroy the latter, is to attack, to weaken, to destroy the former. Consequently bad books which are the bane of religion, are for the same reasons the bane of civil society.

3. Bad books are the greatest scourge of the family.

The happiness of families depends on union, forbearance and fidelity between the married couple on the one hand, and on the love and submission of the children to their parents on the other hand. The Catholic religion teaches that the matrimonial alliance is holy and indissoluble, and prescribes to children to love, respect and obey their parents. Marriage is regarded by her as affording to husband and wife assistance from each other, as a remedy against concupiscence, and a means to perpetuate on earth the race of the children of God. She considers it as a great sacrament representing a great mystery, namely the union of Jesus Christ with His Church. Through this sacrament, she confers many graces on the married to enable them to fulfil their painful duties. Conjugal fidelity is with her a capital point, and the Christian education of children ranks among the first obligations of parents. Now, to attack, to undermine, to attempt to overthrow a religion which inculcates these great principles of union, of peace and happiness, is it not to attack, to undermine, to destroy the family itself?

Not satisfied with warring against the family by combating religion, which is all its strength and happiness, the books of which we speak attack the family openly and in a direct manner. According to the doctrines of the authors of such works "marriage is no more a sacrament, but merely a civil contract, a convention entirely human, which caprice or passion may annul at any time. It is a speculation about fortune or sensual pleasures. Infidelity is styled gallantry, and divorce progress in civilization. Modesty is a weakness, duty an empty word, conscience is prejudice and virtue a dream. The education of the young must be directed to material utility as its end; for, fortune is every thing. Children are bound to obey their parents only as long as they want their protection. After this period, they are emancipated by nature. To run after pleasures, to gratify the growing passions is a necessity during the season of youth. To believe ourselves superior to our parents, to pity their attachment to the practices of religion, is a mark of intelligence and progress." Such are the pernicious maxims disseminated in families by bad books. Why should we be surprized at the fatal effects they produce? At the dissensions, the divorces, the infidelities so frequent in our time; at the insubordination of children, their dissipation and corruption? The unhappy parents reap what they have sown. They gave to their offspring an education purely material and of mere forms; they did not banish from their fire-side irreligious books and immoral periodicals; perhaps they themselves put them in their hands; let them blame themselves if they now experience remorse and grief and are covered with disgrace.

We have conclusively proved, that books and all works of an irreligious tendency are destructive of religion, of society, of the family. If such is the case, what horror ought we not to entertain for them! Never can we detest them sufficiently. Let the flames then consume all those productions which spread moral pestilence over the earth, and poison the minds of its inhabitants!

## JOURNEY IN TARTARY, THIBET AND CHINA.—II.

BY THE ABBE HUC.

WE were on foot before daylight. Previous to our departure we had to perform an operation of considerable importance—no other than an entire change of costume, a complete metamorphosis. The missionaries who reside in China, all, without exception, wear the secular dress of the people, and are in no way distinguishable from them; they bear no outward sign of their religious character. It is a great pity that they should be thus obliged to wear the secular costume, for it is an obstacle in the way of their preaching the Gospel. Among the Tartars a *black man*—so they discriminate the laity, as wearing their hair, from the clergy, who have their heads close shaved—who should talk about religion would be laughed at, as impertinently meddling with things the special province of the Lamas, and in no way concerning him. The reasons which appear to have introduced and maintained the custom of wearing the secular habit on the part of the missionaries in China no longer applying to us, we resolved at length to appear in an ecclesiastical exterior becoming our sacred mission. The views of our vicar-apostolic on the subject, as explained in his written instructions, being conformable with our wish, we did not hesitate. We resolved to adopt the secular dress of the Thibetian Lamas; that is to say, the dress which they wear when not actually performing their idolatrous ministry in the pagodas. The costume of the Thibetian Lamas suggested itself to our preference as being in unison with that worn by our young neophyte, Samdadchiemba.

We announced to the Christians of the inn that we were resolved no longer to look like Chinese merchants; that we were about to cut off our long tails, and to shave our heads. This intimation created great agitation; some of our disciples even wept; all sought by their eloquence to divert us from a resolution which seemed to them fraught with danger; but their pathetic remonstrances were of no avail; one touch of a razor in the hands of Samdadchiemba, sufficed to sever the long tail of hair, which, to accommodate Chinese fashions, we had so carefully cultivated ever since our departure from France. We put on a long yellow robe, fastened at the right side with five gilt buttons, and round the waist by a long red sash; over this was a red jacket, with a collar of purple velvet; a yellow cap, surmounted by a red tuft, completed our new costume. Breakfast followed this decisive operation, but it was silent and sad.



THE MISSIONARIES IN THEIR LAMANESQUE COSTUMES.

When the Comptroller of the Chest brought in some glasses and an urn, wherein smoked the hot wine drunk by the Chinese, we told him that having changed our habit of dress, we should change also our habit of living. "Take away," said we, "that wine and that chafing-dish; henceforth we renounce drinking and smoking. You know," added we, laughing, "that good Lamas abstain from wine and tobacco." The Chinese Christians who surrounded us did not join in the laugh; they looked at us without speaking and with deep commiseration, fully persuaded that we should inevitably perish of privation and misery in the deserts of Tartary. Breakfast finished, while the people of the inn were packing up our tent, saddling the camels, and preparing for our departure, we took a couple of rolls, baked in the steam of the furnace, and walked out to complete our meal with some wild currants growing on the bank of the adjacent rivulet. It was soon announced to us that every thing was ready—so, mounting our respective animals, we proceeded on the road to Tolon-Noor, accompanied by Samdadchiemba.

We were now launched, alone and without a guide, amid a new world. We had no longer before us paths traced out by the old missionaries, for we were in a country where none before us had preached Gospel truth. We should no longer have by our side those earnest Christian converts, so zealous to serve us, so anxious, by their friendly care, to create around us as it were an atmosphere of home. We were abandoned to ourselves, in a hostile land, without a friend to advise or to aid us, save Him by whose strength we were supported, and whose name we were seeking to make known to all the nations of the earth.

As we have just observed, Samdadchiemba was our only travelling companion. This young man was neither Chinese, nor Tartar, nor Thibetian. Yet, at the first glance, it was easy to recognise in him the features characterizing that which naturalists call the Mongol race. A great flat nose, insolently turned up; a large mouth slit in a perfectly straight line, thick projecting lips, a deep bronze complexion, every feature contributed to give to his physiognomy a wild and scornful aspect. When his little eyes seemed starting out of his head from under their lids, wholly destitute of eye-lash, and he looked at you wrinkling his brow, he inspired you at once with feelings of dread and yet of confidence. The face was without any decisive character; it exhibited neither the mischievous knavery of the Chinese, nor the frank good-nature of the Tartar, nor the courageous energy of the Thibetian; but was made up of a mixture of all three. Samdadchiemba was a *Dchiahour*. We shall hereafter have occasion to speak more in detail of the native country of our young cameleer.



SAMDADCHIEMBA.

At the age of eleven Samdadchiemba had escaped from his Lamasery, in order to avoid the too frequent and too severe corrections of the master under whom he was more immediately placed. He afterwards passed the greater portion of his vagabond youth, sometimes in the Chinese towns, sometimes in the deserts of Tartary. It is easy to comprehend that this independent course of life had not tended to modify the natural asperity of his character; his intellect was entirely



uncultivated; but, on the other hand, his muscular power was enormous, and he was not a little vain of this quality, which he took great pleasure in parading. After having been instructed and baptized by M. Gabet, he had attached himself to the service of the missionaries. The journey we were now undertaking was perfectly in harmony with his erratic and adventurous taste. He was, however, of no mortal service to us as a guide across the deserts of Tartary, for he knew no more of the country than we knew ourselves. Our only informants were a compass, and the excellent map of the Chinese empire by Andriveau-Goujon.

The first portion of our journey, after leaving Yan-Pa-Eul, was accomplished without interruption, sundry anathemas excepted, which were hurled against us as we ascended a mountain, by a party of Chinese merchants, whose mules, upon sight of our camels and our own yellow attire, became frightened, and took to their heels at full speed, dragging after them, and, in one or two instances, overturning the wagons to which they were harnessed.

The mountain in question is called *Sain-Oula*, (Good Mountain), doubtless *ut lucus a non lucendo*, since it is notorious for the dismal accidents and tragical adventures of which it is the theatre. The ascent is by a rough, steep path, half-choked up with fallen rocks.

The *Good Mountain* is noted for its intense frosts. There is not a winter passes in which the cold there does not kill many travellers. Frequently whole caravans, not arriving at their destination at the other side of the mountain, are sought and found on its bleak road, man and beast frozen to death. Nor is the danger less from the robbers and the wild beasts with whom the mountain is a favorite haunt, or rather a permanent station. Assailed by the brigands, the unlucky traveller is stripped, not merely of horse, and money, and baggage, but absolutely of the clothes he wears, and then left to perish from cold and hunger.

Not but that the brigands of these parts are extremely polite all the while; they do not rudely clap a pistol to your ear, and bawl at you: "your money or your life!" No; they mildly advance with a courteous salutation: "Venerable elder brother, I am on foot; pray lend me your horse—I've got no money, be good enough to lend me your purse—It's quite cold to-day, oblige me with the loan of your coat." If the venerable elder brother charitably complies, the matter ends with, "Thanks, brother;" but otherwise, the request is forthwith emphasized with the arguments of a cudgel; and if these do not convince, recourse is had to the sabre.

The sun declining ere we had traversed this platform, we resolved to encamp for the night. Our first business was to seek a position combining the three essentials of fuel, water and pasturage; and, having due regard to the ill reputation of the *Good Mountain*, privacy from observation as complete as could be effected. Being novices in travelling, the idea of robbers haunted us incessantly, and we took every body we saw to be a suspicious character, against whom we must be on our guard. A grassy nook, surrounded by tall trees, appertaining to the imperial forest, fulfilled our requisites. Unlading our dromedaries, we raised, with no slight labor, our tent beneath the foliage, and at its entrance installed our faithful porter, Arsalan, a dog whose size, strength, and courage entitled him to his appellation, which, in the Tartar-Mongol dialect, means "Lion." Collecting some *argols*\* and dry branches of trees, our kettle was soon in agitation, and we threw into the water

\*Dried dung, which constitutes the chief, and indeed in many places the sole fuel in Tartary.



FIRST ENCAMPMENT.

some kouamien, prepared paste, something like vermicelli, which, seasoned with some parings of bacon, given us by our friends at Yan-Pa-Eul, we hoped would furnish satisfaction for the hunger that began to gnaw us. No sooner was the repast ready than each of us, drawing forth from his girdle his wooden cup, filled it with Kouamien, and raised it to his lips. The preparation was detestable—uneatable. The manufacturers of kouamien always salt it for its longer preservation; but this paste of ours had been salted beyond all endurance. Even Arsalan would not eat the composition. Soaking it for a while in cold water, we once more boiled it up, but in vain; the dish remained nearly as salt as ever: so, abandoning it to Arsalan and to Samdadchiemba, whose stomach by long use was capable of anything, we were fain to content ourselves with the *dry-cold*, as the Chinese say; and, taking with us a couple of small loaves, walked into the imperial forest, in order at least to season our repast with an agreeable walk. Our first nomade supper, however, turned out better than we had expected, Providence placing in our path numerous *Ngao-la-Eul* and *Chan-ly-Houng* trees,—the former a shrub about five inches high, which bears a pleasant wild cherry; the other, also a low but very bushy shrub, producing a small scarlet apple, of a sharp agreeable flavor, of which a very succulent jelly is made.

The imperial forest extends more than a hundred leagues from north to south, and nearly eighty from east to west. The Emperor Khang-Hi, in one of his expeditions into Mongolia, adopted it as a hunting ground. He repaired thither every year, and his successors regularly followed his example, down to *Kia-King*, who, upon a hunting excursion, was killed by lightning at *Ge-ho-Eul*. There has been no imperial hunting there since that time—now twenty-seven years ago. *Tao-Kouang*, son and successor of *Kia-King*, being persuaded that a fatality impends over the exercise of the chase, since his accession to the throne has never set foot in *Ge-ho-Eul*, which may be regarded as the Versailles of the Chinese potentates. The forest, however, and the animals which inhabit it, have been no gainers by the circumstance. Despite the penalty of perpetual exile decreed against all who

shall be found with arms in their hands in the forest, it is always half full of poachers and wood-cutters. Gamekeepers, indeed, are stationed at intervals throughout the forest; but they seem there merely for the purpose of enjoying a monopoly of the sale of game and wood. They let any one steal either, provided they themselves get the larger share of the booty. The poachers are in especial force from the fourth to the seventh moon. At this period the antlers of the stags send forth new shoots, which contain a sort of half-coagulated blood, called *Lou-joung*, which plays a distinguished part in the Chinese *Materia Medica*, for its supposed chemical qualities, and fetches accordingly an exorbitant price. A *Lou-joung* sometimes sells for as much as a hundred and fifty ounces of silver.

Deers of all kinds abound in the forest; and tigers, bears, wild boars, panthers, and wolves are scarcely less numerous. Wo to the hunters and wood-cutters who venture otherwise than in large parties into the recesses of the forest; they disappear, leaving no vestige behind.

The fear of encountering one of these wild beasts kept us from prolonging our walk. Besides night was setting in, and we hastened back to our tent. Our first slumber in the desert was peaceful, and next morning early, after a breakfast of oat-meal steeped in tea, we resumed our march along the great *Plateau*.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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### A GENTLE WORD.

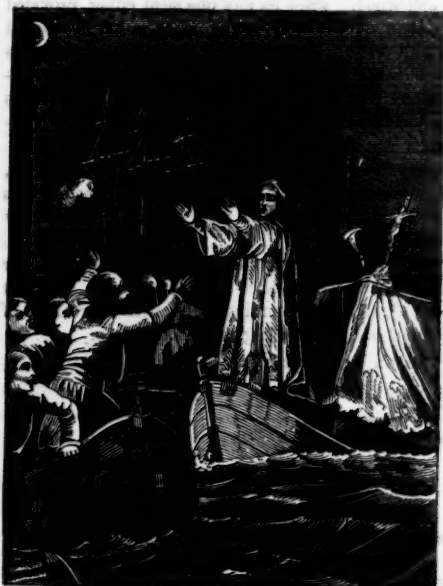
A gentle word! a gentle word!  
 How soon and well it wins a way  
 Into the heart by anger stirred,  
 Each stormy impulse to allay;  
 It turns aside the shafts of hate,  
 It cools the fever of the brain,  
 It charms and cheers the desolate,  
 And soothes the poignant pangs of pain.

A gentle word! a gentle word!  
 Doth all the powers of passion thwart;  
 An advocate that's felt and heard  
 Far as the blood that warms the heart.  
 Its tenderness doth win a store  
 Of mercy from the fount Divine;  
 Love's golden key, that opes the door  
 Of gentle friendship's closed shrine.

A gentle word! a gentle word!  
 It falls like dew on drooping flowers;  
 'Tis like the music of that bird,  
 Whose song is heard at evening hours.  
 It re-unites all friends and aught  
 That's parted by the voice of wrath,  
 It heals the wounds by sorrow wrought,  
 And scatters sunshine o'er our path.

Lamp.

## A MASS DURING THE REIGN OF TERROR.



*"I fancied at the same time that I saw the bark slowly sink in the sea."—See page 394.*

THE revolution of 1789 was so prolific of great events; it gave birth to so many acts of heroism, so many sublime virtues, in the midst even of the enormities by which it was polluted, that it has become an inexhaustible mine from which the philosophic historian can always draw materials for the instruction of future generations. For us whose only object is to offer to youth a series of examples fitted to inspire them with noble sentiments and salutary reflections, we too shall explore this fruitful mine in order to give them a double interest in the truth of our narrative. The latter then is not the production of imagination; it is a leaf taken from the history of that fatal epoch, every page of which contains a solemn lesson. In 1793, when

victims multiplied daily in desolated France, two proscribed youths, one of whom was named Dussaulx and the other E. O., traversed stealthily the coasts of Bretagne, without money, without papers, without any knowledge of the country, and with the melancholy certainty of being shot, if they should fall into the power of the party that pursued them. Yet this conviction did not affect very much the two travellers. Ex-musketeers, confident in their courage and united by the tenderest friendship, they resolved to sell their lives dearly: at all events, if they had to succumb to numbers, they were at least sure to perish together. This thought supported them in the midst of dangers, privations and fatigues; it was also it that inspired them with the boldness to knock from time to time at the door of some lonely cottage, to procure nourishment and a shelter. Succor was frequently refused them: for distrust and fear had then subdued every other sentiment, especially among the rural population. They had, moreover, to guard against the numerous spies, who under various disguises traversed the country. This danger was not the less fearful for them; it might betray them into some snare; but at twenty years, (this was about the age of the two outlaws) hope easily prevails over fear. They marched, besides, to a certain goal: the chateau of Keroulaz was appointed their rendezvous; they were to find there good quarters, all the necessary succors and a certain number of their comrades, thus did they cheerily enough hazard themselves in those perilous routes. The patrols, however, that multiplied

on the way, soon compelled them to leave the beaten roads; they dared not ask them for information or subsistence, and during twenty-four hours they had to undergo such misery, that their courage was shaken. Exhausted by fatigue and hunger, a prey to insupportable sufferings, to a thousand mournful thoughts, which they dared not communicate to each other, they walked in silence side by side, wringing their hands sometimes with inexpressible anguish, when all of a sudden, in the midst of a hollow road they had entered by chance, and which seemed interminable, they fancied that they heard some footsteps behind them. Having quickly turned round, they saw a peasant almost of their own age, well clad, and whose rather simple countenance wore the appearance of timidity. Affecting in his gait a collected air, he turned in his fingers the beads of a rosary, and seemed wholly occupied in his devotion. So much was not necessary to re-assure our fugitives. In the extremity to which they were reduced, the suspicion of a base hypocrisy hidden under the exterior of piety, never once presented itself to their mind. They had, besides, no alternative: information should be obtained at any price, so without the least hesitation they asked the young man the way to Keroulaz. He cast an oblique look at them, told them that he was going exactly in the same direction, and that he would willingly conduct them; but that as the distance was great, they could not arrive there that day. At this intimation the two friends looked at each other with dismay. They felt no longer the strength to pursue their journey, without appeasing the hunger that devoured them, and taking some hours of rest. Divining without doubt their distress, the Breton removed their anxiety by telling them that a shelter was near, and offering them in a very graceful manner the quarter of a large loaf he drew from his wallet. This relief at such a time was a substantial kindness to the famished youths; so after having thanked their new companion they continued their journey at his side with increasing confidence. This sentiment one of them carried so far that he hesitated not, as they travelled along, to give him a glimpse of the object that led them to the chateau of Keroulaz. This imprudent confidence did not, however, appear to interest the individual on whom it was bestowed: he had all the phlegm of the people of his country, and he exhibited a disposition but little curious. After having accompanied for some time the fugitives, he gave them the necessary marks to discover the shelter he had spoken of, and then parted, telling them that he would sleep in the neighborhood, and resume the journey with them on the morrow. It was dark night when the two friends found the house that had been indicated. Their circumstances and the late hour might well make them fear to meet with a warm reception from ringing rifles; but, as we have said, their deplorable situation compelled them to brave every thing. They knocked therefore boldly. They were forthwith admitted. "Come in!" said the man to them who had opened the door and to whom they addressed their humble petition. "Come in!" At this invitation they bounded with joy; the cottage that opened to them was in their eyes a magnificent palace; they already saw in imagination a good supper and a good bed, in which their aching limbs would feel the balm of rest. In their ecstasy they scarcely remarked the strange air of the Breton who in taking down the lamp held it to their face to measure them the better. Impolite as this scrutiny was, they bore it, however, very manfully: gifted both with a prepossessing countenance they could hope with reason that it would be favorable to them; and one of them even ventured to repeat with rising confidence the statement of their pressing wants. The master of the house, an aged man, tall, with long grey hairs and rugged features, in which, however, a certain sort of good-nature appeared,

announced in rather a discouraging tone that, his family having gone to bed, he had scarcely any thing to offer them. At the same time, as if to prove what he advanced, he laid before them a few beans, a pitcher of water, and a small piece of black bread. While they were devouring this repast, seasoned with all the Breton slovenliness, their host seated before them continued to examine them, pressing them with questions mingled with complaints on the misfortune of the time, doubtless to palliate thus his parsimonious hospitality. He showed them afterwards with his lamp to a stable at the back of the house, where were housed several cattle and strewn the shreds of a wretched pallet. To other travellers this accommodation would have been but little comfortable; but our two outlaws had passed many nights in the open air; thus, far from complaining, they considered themselves so happy at having found such a shelter that they thanked God for having provided them with it. In a hurry to repose they pulled out their horse-pistols, which they carried concealed under their clothes, placed them near the bed, knelt down, M. Dussaulx first, and began their night prayer. Brave even to rashness, in the field of battle, this young man preserved a lively faith in his heart, and when he prayed, his voice was so sweet and touching, that his friend never heard him without emotion. The latter then hastened to kneel beside him, and their souls, united in the same sentiment, were lifted up to the throne of Heaven. In the midst of this act of devotion, which for a long time past they took a pleasure in performing together, a slight noise happened to distract them. That vague perception that makes us feel rather than see the object at our side, imaged the figure of a man rising up at a sort of casement contrived in the wall near which they were kneeling. One of them quickly turned round; he saw nothing. This apparition having struck both at the same time, they could not doubt its reality; thus did it appear to them sufficiently alarming to keep them on their guard: but neither hearing nor seeing anything more, they at last yielded to sleep, with which they were overpowered, and wakened not until broad day-light. It was not without some hesitation that they appeared before their host; his rather uncivil reception of them the previous evening, joined to the circumstance that had alarmed them, induced them naturally enough to believe that he regarded them with distrust. Great then was their surprise, when, as they addressed him, he extended to them his callous hand, his rugged features brightening up at the same time into a very cordial smile. "I will wager that you passed an excellent night," said he, fixing on them a malicious look. Re-assured as to his dispositions, they told him, smiling, of the apparition of the night. "Hah! you had reason to be terrified," he resumed in a grave tone, "and it can with truth be said that yours was a prayer that served you before the good God; I and my younger son were there with the finger on the trigger." . . . He looked at the same time to the two guns that were suspended at the chimney. "Ay," he continued, "we should have shot you like mad dogs, nothing can be more certain; but when I saw you on your knees, praying like Christians, I said to my boy: these are good men, let us leave them." "What! you would not have killed us," said one of them, completely astonished, "us who are poor defenceless men!" "And who does ourselves a favor?" gruffly replied the Breton. "Is not the country covered with spies who seek only our destruction? If you had been of their gang, it was all over with us; our house would have been burned and ourselves smoked like foxes; or rather we would have been shot before the door. These gentlemen, besides, have a watchword which you know not, since you have not spoken it to me, without reckoning that I saw your pistols." At this the two young men looked at each other, saying, "he was very near it."



"Yes," replied the peasant in a softened tone, but without the least malice, "thank God, you shall breakfast this morning better than you supped last night." Placing then on the table some fresh bread, bacon and a little pitcher of wine, he seated himself between his two guests and listened with the deepest interest to the narrative of the dangers they had run since their arrival in Brittany. "You see then," said he afterwards, not knowing how to express his regret, "you see what the abominations of the times are! The brow becomes bathed in perspiration when thinking of them: I should have killed two gentlemen, two good Christians, without allowing them time to prepare for their fate and recommend their souls to God." "Alas!" answered the young Dussaulx, "the death with which we have been threatened, may await us elsewhere, from one moment to another, and we shall not be better prepared; yet if we fall, I trust that Heaven will take into account our impossibility to fulfil our religious duty; six months have elapsed since we heard mass." "I pledge my life," cried the Breton, quite joyful, "that you shall hear it on to-morrow; I owe you this!" "Indeed! despite the spies and marauders, we shall have mass!" said M. Dussaulx, with animation; "where then, my dear host?" "I have, you see, told you neither how nor where," returned the latter, "what there is certain in it is, that up to the present, thanks to the good God, we have had mass every Sunday; not, of course, without running great risks, but gentlemen like you are prepared for all this." As he concluded these words, an individual opened the door whom the outlaws recognised as the young peasant who, on the previous evening had given them his bread and pointed out the refuge where they were then so comfortably lodged. The host surprised, fixed on the stranger a look of distrust. "Fear nothing," hastily spoke M. Dussaulx, in a transport of joy, "this lad is worthy of us; it is he who relieved our hunger and directed us to you." "M. Pol should recognise me," said the young man in his turn, "I live five leagues from this, he has frequently seen me, but it is the fault of memory apparently." "Quite possible," replied the host, "since the stranger calls me by my name; since it is so, be seated and help yourself." Guided always by that feeling of gratitude that frequently carries a noble heart to the very excess of confidence, M. Dussaulx requested the host to permit his new guest to hear mass with them. "I know the piety of this virtuous young man," he added, "and if you fancy that you owe such a kindness to us, M. Pol, my friend and I owe it also to him for the services that he has rendered us!" A slight motion on the part of the old man showed pretty well that this language was not agreeable to him, and he could have wished to prevent it; but it was too late. It expressed, moreover, such a confiding conviction that he could not well meet it with a refusal; besides the young peasant spoke in at once: "I will accompany you with pleasure; I know the place; I repair there every Sunday." This announcement perfectly re-assured Pol; so it was with as much tranquillity as benevolence, that he engaged the two outlaws to conceal themselves during the day in his garret, and he showed them to it at once for fear of discovery. Having afterwards returned to the guide, he conversed and drank with him; after some time both went out together and an undisturbed silence reigned through the house. We shall not speak of the ennui the two young men experienced in their hiding-place: happily they found there a good hay-bed, on which they forgot the hours of expectancy in restorative sleep.

The evening being come, all the family, composed of the several sons of the aged Pol, with their wives and children, assembled in a mirthful manner at supper; nevertheless, when the father having barred the door introduced the two strangers, a cold reserve succeeded their former gaiety, and it required all the benevolence of

the host to save the two friends the confusion of so indifferent a reception. After the repast, a bottle of brandy was passed round, then the aged Pol, having drunk his potion, said to his guests, "Ah then, gentlemen, are you determined to be of our party?" "Most assuredly," they answered, "if you permit." "Well then, let us be gone; come ladies, put your little ones to bed, and you, my lads, take your arms." "Shall we set out this evening?" demanded Mr. O. with surprise. "Ay, immediately," answered the Breton, "in order that we may arrive the earlier on to-morrow; it is not that the church is small, there is room enough in it for the last come, but because it is far off." Taking down then a double-barrelled carbine, he put it into the hands of Mr. O., saying, "take this, it is your mass book, and here is this *missal* for you," he added, giving a firelock to M. Dussaulx. Meanwhile, at the signal from the father, the women had disappeared with their children, but returned soon again in their hoods; the men covered themselves with goat-skins and seized each a gun. "There is a ceremony that smells powder a league off," said Mr. O. to his friend, with whom he remained apart during these preparations. "Armed thus to the teeth, we have more the appearance of bandits setting out on their midnight havoc than of good Christians going to mass." "These precautions are requisite for the time we live in," replied M. Dussaulx, "indeed at any season I should feel fired at the idea of a duty that could be discharged only with arms in our hands." The family having re-assembled, a young girl, detained without doubt to watch over the children and house, seated herself at the hearth, and the party forthwith set out. A young lad led the van as guide; then came the host, accompanied by the two friends, afterwards the women; the husbands formed a rear-guard. Faithful to his cautious habits, Pol had given no information to the two outlaws regarding the place he was conducting them to, he contented himself, journeying along, with justifying their warlike equipment by the risks they were exposed to, and which he hoped, however, to escape on account of the secret until then most religiously guarded, and the precautions which they had taken. We shall introduce here the verbatim narrative of Mr. O. "We walked thus for nearly an hour, and I was expecting every moment to see the place, but in vain, for at the end of this time I could discern no trace of the edifice at which we were to halt. An interminable strand now stretched under our footsteps, and I saw at the horizon a line of whitish light, like a thick haze that spreads over the plain. A dewy wind at the same time blew on my face. 'It is the sea,' said Dussaulx to me. I recognised, in fact, the deep hollow noise of the waves, which I had not until then remarked. 'I cannot divine whither we are going,' I observed to my comrade, 'it must be to some grotto here among the rocks. We are like the first Christians, who worshipped in the catacombs.' I ran after Pol to question him, but he seized me roughly by the arm, 'Unfortunate man! you were going to give a somerset a hundred feet deep, the precipice is not three paces from you, be still.' I stood petrified, holding back Dussaulx, not daring to put one foot before the other in the darkness. The aged Pol dashed into the midst of our company, placed the men first, encouraged us by his voice and gesture, and we descended a pathway that extended down this frightful steep, that reminded me of a certain pass of the Ghemmi in the Bernese Alps. We had to help each other along in this defile like two children, the women themselves travelled it better than we. We took not less than an hour to descend this ladder of rocks. When we reached the bottom, sounds rather near, voices interrupting one another here and there, induced us to believe that an addition was made to our party. Our host, who had left us for a few moments, now returned. 'We must wait, you can sit

down,' said he to us, without remarking that we were walking in wet sand in which we sunk to the calf of our legs. Happily I discovered a part of the rock that was on a level with the beach; I engaged Dussaulx to rest there with me, for we stood in great need of taking breath. I fancied that we should pass a part of the night in this place, and I congratulated myself on the sound sleep I took during the day by way of precaution; but soon I heard our people say to one another, 'Up, it is midnight.' The enterprise was too far advanced and our party too busy, to be convenient to address them any questions. I gave all my attention to what was going to take place. 'The sea runs high,' said one of the sons of the aged Pol. 'So much the better,' replied the latter. This answer seemed to me inexplicable, for the sea rolled at their feet. At a few paces off, our men extended the hand and passed us on board of the boat, after which they unmoored her, and now we were on the water. Dussaulx and I were the only idle persons on board, for every arm was required to steer the wretched boat through the bad weather. I had to hold fast with both my hands to the bench, to prevent me from tumbling to the bottom of the craft, that trembled as it bounded through the roaring waves. A furious wind drenched us with showers of salt water. It required the practised eye of those sea-faring people to discern any object ten paces round us. But more transparent clouds soon brightened the scene; and looking in the same direction as Pol, who watched over every thing, I quickly discovered a boat, then two, then three, which like our own were struggling against the bad weather. The attention of the captain was directed to another object. 'Ho! there Marie!' said he to him who held the tiller. . . . 'Nothing, . . . excuse me, . . . Steady your helm there!' A light glimmered in the distance, it now shone out, and again died away, and a bark soon appeared, rising and sinking alternately on the heaving waves. She advanced solemnly; it was wrapped in such silence; its appearance was so singular and dismal, that I took it to be a funeral convoy. But while my attention was thus occupied, another manœuvre was rapidly executed around us. The boats having rendezvoused, passed ropes from one to the other, and kept at a distance to guard against collision, in such a way as to form a circle, in the centre of which was the bark with the light in it. By the aid of this light I saw that something was a doing in her forehead, as she lay quite contiguous to us. When the men who were thus occupied had disappeared, we discerned under the flame of the lantern, an altar covered with a dazzling cloth and surmounted with a crucifix. At the same time an aged priest with white hair, and vested in his sacred robes, whose adornments sparkled in the darkness, appeared, assisted by two poor fishermen; he made the sign of the cross. . . . When I saw this, I fell on my knees, my eyes swimming in tears and my heart full of gratitude and admiration. Dussaulx grasped my hand. All on board the boats were on their knees. That scene will never leave my memory. Those hundred people on their bended knees between heaven and the sea, the roaring deep submitting again to the majesty of the Saviour of men, the rocking altar that had no longer a spot of earth to rest on in the whole kingdom of France, the lamp that lighted in the darkness only the pale brow of the aged priest, and his white locks agitated by the wind, the pious voices that mingled with the noise of the billows, the immense dome of heaven that served for a sanctuary, with the vast expanse of ocean for its court. I believe that I see and hear all this still, and that there never has been witnessed a more sublime and magnificent ceremony. I shall not attempt to depict the moment when the Sacred Host was elevated between the hands of the venerable priest supported by his two assistants. The voice of the storm rung on my ears at that in-

stant as a hymn worthy the occasion, and as sweet as the music of the organ at the elevation. One of the men who were stationed with oars to prevent a collision between the boats, bent forward, and with a terrified air, cried to our host,—‘A sloop!’ ‘Impossible,’ said the aged Pol, rising, ‘I see nothing;’ he knelt down again, for the ceremony was drawing to a conclusion; but the same man placed his shrivelled hand on his shoulder,—‘I told you.’ . . . A line of flame dazzled my eyes, after which I was flung to the bottom of the boat, and heard and saw nothing save the reports of the artillery, frightful cries, and the bodies that rolled on top of me. I raised my head, and discovered by the reflection of the firing, the boats broken and dispersed, the men swimming, and the women frantic. ‘Surrender!’ cried the people from the enemy’s vessel, ‘we shall fire no more.’ My eyes turned at this moment in search of the altar. The priest turned round tranquilly, and said in a calm voice, opening his arms,—‘*Ite missa est!*’ ‘*Deo gratias,*’ answered the assistants. I fancied at the same time that I saw the bark slowly sink in the sea: several voices cried out,—‘She keels over. . . . Monsieur le Curé! Save him! Save him!’ The bark, in effect, riddled with balls, keeled over, a huge wave laid her under. The priest fastened to the altar, held upright still, gave us his last benediction, then disappeared, and a fresh discharge roared over his floating tomb. . . . At this sight, the aged Pol cried out,—‘My friends! let us turn on them and board!’ The fishermen forthwith executed the manœuvre. Braving the fire of the gun-boat, they boarded her, followed by the two young men; a bloody combat ensued; the crew were inconsiderable; were defeated and cast into the sea. One enemy alone remained on board. It was the guide of our fugitives. Mr. O. recognised him, and endeavored to rescue him from the hands of Pol, who was the first to discover him, but the old man exasperated by the massacre of his two sons, who were stretched lifeless at his feet, was so violently bent on his prey, that he held of him now only his dead body. ‘It is he, the wretch! it is he that has betrayed, that has sold us!’ he cried, ‘behold the end of a spy.’ And at the same time he flung the body into the abyss. After this execution the dead and wounded were gathered, and when they had been carried off in the boats, the sloop was set fire to. It was by the disastrous light of this conflagration that they endeavored to pick up the women who had remained in the barks and the men who had fallen into the sea. Although the loss was much less than was at first imagined, nothing was heard during the search but groans and lamentations. They at last re-embarked. The sun had just risen over the scene of desolation. When they had touched the shore, all those worthy people rushed through each other impatient to ascertain who had escaped, and who were missing. With pallid brow, each sought a parent, a friend or a neighbor, . . . transports of joy and exclamations of grief prevailed successively; it was a general mourning at which no heart could assist and remain unbroken. Stoical even in his disaster, the aged Pol, after having superintended the debarkation, approached the two friends and briefly said to them:—‘Gentlemen, after what has happened we can no longer fête you; but if you will assist at the burial of my two sons, it will be a very great honor,’ . . . he could not finish; his tears flowed in spite of him. The two friends durst not accept his invitation, they feared to burden his grief, and thanked him, offering him at the same time the most unaffected marks of sincere sympathy. ‘Well, then,’ replied the unhappy father, extending to them his hand, ‘here is the last of my sons, he will conduct you to the Castle of Keroulaz. He is a guide on whom you can depend; he will not betray you. . . . Adieu! distrust spies and never omit to say your prayers.’”

MEMOIR OF THE LATE VERY REV. FATHER ROOTHAAN,  
GENERAL OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS.

JOHN PHILIP ROOTHAAN was born at Amsterdam, November 23, 1785. His father, Mathias Roothaan, was a surgeon. His mother's name was Mary Angela Terhorf. His grandfather, born of Calvinist parents, had the happiness of returning to the bosom of the Catholic Church.

After having gone through his humanities in the Grammar School of Amsterdam, attended the College of the same city, and followed a private course of Greek literature under the celebrated Van Lennep (who died, it will be remembered, on the 10th of last February, scarcely three months before his illustrious pupil,) John Philip Roothaan, at the age of nineteen years, went into Russia, in order there to enter the Society of Jesus. His professor, Van Lennep, gave him a most honorable certificate on this occasion. Addressing the Fathers of this renowned Society, to which, though a Protestant, he did not fear to offer the most flattering homage, he thus expressed himself upon the merits of his young pupil:—

"Such is the merit of J. Roothaan, that if to his excellent qualities of heart and soul he should add the grace of becoming a member of such an institute as yours, there is nothing too eminent to be expected from him. Others retain from their first studies a merely superficial knowledge of Greek and Latin literature: as to him, he is thoroughly imbued with it. There is no author that he has not profoundly mastered—no kind of literary beauty with which he is not able to impregnate his own style. It would be difficult to be more fully possessed than he is of Cicero, Virgil, and the Greek tragedians. In reading the ancients, he not only seeks for the pleasure of reading, but also rules of conduct. To become a better man is the principal end of his labors. Gifted with a solid judgment, he has known how to bring this gift of nature to still greater perfection by assiduously following courses of logic, dialectics—in a word, the different parts of philosophy. As respects the qualities of the heart, I cannot imagine any young man more perfect in courtesy, mildness, and, in fact, attachment to the least of his duties."

This certificate bears date 15th May, 1804. On the 18th June following Roothaan was received in the Society of Jesus at the College of Pololsk. After the two years of probation, enjoined by the Institute of St. Ignatius, he was admitted to the first vows. A Belgian Jesuit, who had just completed his noviceship with him, bore testimony to his virtues and talents at that time in a letter dated from Duneburg, in White Russia, dated 27th September, 1806:

"I do not doubt," he says, "that his name will become celebrated some day or other for his extraordinary virtue. He appears to have already attained to consummate virtue, though he is only twenty-one years of age. He is also endowed with the most rare talents. He knows Dutch, French, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, &c. He has already preached in our church in Polish. If you wish to know him better, read the life of John Berchman. It is his."

Roothaan himself was then at the College of Duneburg. He was three years master there, during which he taught successively grammar, humanities, and rhetoric. He was then recalled to Pololsk, to go through his course of theology. Having been ordained priest in 1812, he was ordered to give a course of rhetoric to the young Jesuits, first at Puzza, afterwards at Orsza. It is well known that this

course is a kind of normal school, where the members of the Society of Jesus are formed for teaching grammar and the belles-lettres.

Father Roothaan acquitted himself successfully of this important function, fully justifying the eulogium that M. Van Lennep had passed on his literary acquirements. At this time his qualifications for the general direction of this branch of study in the Society began to be remarked, correspondence was established between him and other literary professors, whose guide he thus became, whilst Father Rozaven was working in his department to give a wise direction to the philosophic studies of their brethren.

During this time he did not fail to devote himself to the exercise of the sacred ministry; and when the decree passed for the expulsion of his Order from Russia, he had been for a year and a half filling the office of preacher at Orsza. In consequence of this decree, and upon his refusal to renounce the Society of Jesus, he was transported with his companions to the frontiers of Austrian Galicia.

He had been destined for France, but the Superior of the Society in Switzerland, Father Godinot, obtained from the Superiors in Rome a change in his destination, and kept him at Brigg, in Valais. There Father Roothaan was again charged to teach rhetoric to the young religious of the Order, and to announce the word of God to the people. He travelled about the Valais in quality of missionary, scattering abroad every where the fruits of salvation. His truly apostolic preaching moved all hearts, and wrought wonderful conversions, notwithstanding the strangeness of his diction, the natural result of his want of practice in the German tongue, particularly in the idiom of the Valais.

In 1821 and 1822 he accompanied Father Godinot in a visitation to the houses subject to the authority of that Father. There were, besides Switzerland, the missions of Holland, the house of Ghent in Belgium, and the houses of Dusseldorf, Hildesheim, and Dresden in Germany. Among other results of this visitation, in the success of which Father Roothaan had a large share, we must especially note the erection of two colleges in the kingdom of the Low Countries—they were Beauregard, at Liege, and Culembourg, in Guelder. Their establishment was resolved upon and arranged during this visitation, and took place a short time afterwards. In these travels, Father Roothaan twice passed through France, and made some stay among his brethren at Paris and St. Acheul.

In 1823 he was summoned to Turin by the Father-General, Louis Fortis, to be placed at the head of the college of St. Francis of Paula, recently founded by king Charles Felix, in place of the college of the provinces, which had been suppressed in 1821 on occasion of the political troubles of that time. The college of St. Francis of Paula contained the flower of the youth of that kingdom, who came there to follow the university courses of polite literature, theology, law, medicine, and surgery.

It was at Turin, if we mistake not, that Father Roothaan became acquainted with the notorious Abate Gioberti, for whom he took a very particular interest a few years later, when, having been raised to the office of General, he recommended the Jesuits of Brussels, where this unhappy priest was then living, to take opportunities of placing themselves in charitable communication with him. He remained at the college of St. Francis of Paula till 1829, when Father Gavani, who became Vicar-General after the death of Father Fortis, named him Vicar-Provincial of Italy. He had then been ten years professed, having taken his last vows on the 2d of February, 1819.



On the 30th June, 1829, he was present with the envoys from the different provinces of the Society at the opening of the general congregation for appointing a successor to Father Fortis. On the 9th of July following, the Feast of the Miracles of the Blessed Virgin Mary, at Rome, after being long balloted for with Father Rozaven, he was elected General of the Society, at the fourth taking of the votes.

"We cannot," says the *Univers*, "enter into details of the labors of this generalate, which lasted twenty-four years and two months, and is well known to have been one of the most laborious and trying on record. The prudence, the energy, the mildness, and, above all, the piety of the Very Rev. Father-General, have not a little contributed to triumph over the obstacles that revolutions and human passions have every where raised up against the Society of Jesus. In spite of the storms which it has had to go through, the Society has never ceased to grow and extend itself during the generalate of Father Roothaan. He governed it with admirable wisdom and prudence. He created eight new provinces, most of them in those parts of Europe that are most disturbed—two in Italy, Turin and Venice; two in France, Lyons and Toulouse; one in Germany, Austria detached from Galicia: one in Belgium; one in Holland; and the eighth in Maryland, in the United States of America. He also created two vice provinces, those of Ireland and Missouri."

The foreign missions were also the constant object of his solicitude. They received a considerable development under his government. In deference to the wish of the general congregation, he occupied himself from the beginning of his generalate in revising the *Ratio Studiorum*, that is, the plans of studies formerly settled under Father Aquaviva, fifth General of the Society. The object was not to destroy this work of the wisdom and experience of the old Jesuits, but to introduce into it slight modifications required by the progress of human knowledge. Father Roothaan lost no time in naming a commission, charged with this important work. The new edition of the *Ratio Studiorum* appeared in 1832. It was accompanied by a circular letter from Father-General, in which the motives that had induced the Order to conform its code of public instruction to existing circumstances, are set forth with remarkable precision and wisdom. This work, however, was not, according to the idea of the General, to be definitive; it was to be sanctioned by experience, and the provinces were invited to make such observations as they might judge useful.

A great number of other circulars, in which elegance of the Latin style is joined to unction of the most tender piety, attest the zeal of the Very Rev. Father Roothaan, for the spiritual good of the members of the Society. The first of all has for its object to make them love their vocation, and to explain to them what ought to be the true nature of this love. In the following ones he speaks to them successively of tribulations and persecutions, of foreign missions, for which he inspires them with desire, of study and the use of the spiritual exercises of St. Ignatius, of the third secular year of the Society, (1840,) of the progress of the Society, and the dangers to which it is exposed; finally, since 1845, he applied himself particularly to console them, to encourage them, to excite them to resignation, to prayer above every thing, in the midst of the calamities which had begun already to fall upon the Society, and which ended by dispersing one-half of the provinces. One of these encyclical letters which we have been referring to, that which was given on occasion of the secular year (centenary) may be read in the *Journal Historique et Littéraire de Liege* (tom. xi, pp. 53 and 107,) where it is accompanied by a beautiful French translation.

His desire to cause his brethren to advance in the sanctity of their vocation, joined to a profound veneration for the holy founder of his Order, also inspired the pious Superior with the idea of making a new Latin translation of the Book of the Spiritual Exercises. He there reproduces the original text with scrupulous fidelity, preferring to deviate from the rules of Latin rather than lose a single word of the holy penitent of Manresa. Numerous notes which he has added to the text assist the reader to seize the spirit of this admirable book, and to discover all the spiritual treasures it contains. This fine work will remain an enduring monument of the fervent piety and paternal solicitude of the General whom the Society of Jesus has just lost.

At the same time that he was giving so great development to the Society, without, and strengthening it so much within by spreading throughout the spirit of St. Ignatius, he maintained, and augmented, if possible, the holy traditions of charity which have always distinguished the children of this Saint. The charity of Father Roothaan and the Jesuits was especially signalised at Rome, in 1837, upon the appearance of the cholera. [The six magnificent candlesticks presented by the people of Rome to the altar of St. Ignatius, in the Gesù, as a monument of their gratitude to the Fathers for their heroic self-devotion on this occasion, remained there with their complimentary inscriptions after the Society was driven from Rome, in 1848, a testimony to the brutality of their enemies, and the cowardice and inconstancy of their friends.—Tr.] Afterwards, when the scourge had ceased, and a commission was named to take care of the children whose fathers had been carried off by the mortality, they compelled Father Roothaan, by an infringement on the rules of the Society, but with a sentiment of gratitude which it would have been well to immortalise, observes M. Cretineau Joly, to take a place in the committee under the title of Ecclesiastical Counsellor Deputy. On his part, says the same writer, the Father-General decided that twenty orphans should be maintained at St. Stephano Rotondo at the expense of the Society of Jesus.

Nevertheless, the good Father found himself compelled in 1848 to quit Rome that he loved so dearly, and where for nearly twenty years he had made himself cherished and esteemed by the great as well as by the people. [He was escorted out of Rome, and to the steamer at Civita Vecchia, by English friends, and was spared those personal insults to which so many of his brethren were so cruelly exposed, until after he had embarked. His departure from Rome was not known till some hours after it had taken place. The rabble expected he would have quitted the Gesù with a solemn protest, reserving the rights of the Society to the houses from which they were expelled, as was said to have been done at Genoa, in which case they were prepared to insult and probably ill-treat him.—Tr.] But that was the hour of impiety and the power of darkness; yet a few months, and the successor of St. Peter himself was to be forced to seek a refuge beyond the states of the Church.

Having found an asylum on the soil of France, Father Roothaan hastened to address to all his brethren an encyclical letter upon devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. It was composed, we believe, at Marseilles, in that city consecrated to the Sacred Heart by the heroism of Belzunce, its bishop. Nothing can be more touching, and at the same time, more instructive than this beautiful letter of Father-General.

"At the sight" says he, "of those great disasters, that have destroyed nearly half the Society, and in presence of a future of which the knowledge of God alone can penetrate the mystery, we all feel the want of consolation and assistance.

It is the Sacred Heart of Jesus which presents itself to my thoughts as the common asylum of all the unhappy; the same Heart which repeats to us once again those sweet words:—"Come to Me all you who are wearied and heavily laden, and I will refresh you." In writing to you a few words upon a subject so consoling, and so readily suggested by the sad circumstances in which we are placed, I realise a wish formed a long time ago." In fact, the devotion to the Heart of Jesus, of which he shows in his letter the advantages and solid practice, appears to have been his favorite devotion. He joined to it a tender piety towards the ever-blessed Virgin—a piety which induced him, in the very same year, to publish another circular upon the devotion to the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

He soon turned even his exile to good account as an opportunity of visiting personally many provinces, and consoling and encouraging by his presence and words a considerable number of his children. He successively visited in this way most of the houses of his Order in France, Belgium, Holland, England, and Ireland. Thus not only had all the Jesuits of these countries the happiness to contemplate the countenance of their dearly cherished Father, and to enjoy his sweet and pious discourse, but he moreover met amongst them many of those whom the storm had dispersed, and to whom the charity of their brethren, who had received them with holy eagerness, had begun to soften the rigors of exile. Persons, strangers to the Society, who had occasion to see the General in the course of his peregrinations, were greatly struck with the remarkable air of sanctity which animated his whole person, and were never wearied with admiring the evangelical simplicity, humility, sweetness, resignation—in a word, all that assemblage of solid virtues that was so conspicuously brilliant in him.

At length it was granted him to be able to return to Rome, and he had the consolation of seeing uprise from their ruins most of the provinces which impiety had struggled so hard to destroy forever. Switzerland and Piedmont, it is true, remain still closed against the sons of St. Ignatius; but, on the other hand, Spain and Catholic Germany have lately received them with love, and besides these, two new provinces, Holland and Toulouse, have come to join the old ones since the return of Father-General to the holy city.

Before closing his laborious and saintly career, Father Roothan greatly desired to collect once more around him all the Provincials and Deputies of the various provinces, to treat with them concerning the interests of the dear Society. But it pleased the Lord to call him to his eternal reward before the period fixed for this meeting. A saint-like death, preceded by a long and cruel malady, ended a life full of merits before God.

During the three months of his illness he had to endure agonising pains, an eyewitness writes to us, and not a word escaped his mouth but such as were full of resignation and the most perfect conformity to the will of God. His illness has but served to make better known that inexhaustible stock of solid virtue, of profound knowledge of the doctrine of the Gospel which he had especially derived from meditation. All those who visited him during this interval, withdrew penetrated with the unction of his words and the elevation of his thoughts, and animated with a more lively desire of securing their salvation. People justly applied to him those words:—"Bonus homo de thesauro cordis sui profert bona."

*Tablet.*

## PASTORAL LETTER.

✠ FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,

BY THE GRACE OF GOD, AND OF THE APOSTOLIC SEE, ARCHBISHOP OF BALTIMORE:

*To the Clergy and Faithful of the Diocese of Baltimore, Grace, Mercy and Peace from God the Father, and from Christ Jesus our Lord.*

VEN. BRETHREN OF THE CLERGY, AND BELOVED BRETHREN OF THE LAITY:

We have recently assembled the secular clergy of this diocese, and with them passed several days in holy retreat, after which we submitted to their consideration, as also to the regular clergy, certain disciplinary regulations prepared by us in conformity with the decrees of the provincial councils, and of the National Council of Baltimore. Having modified these statutes in several points, in accordance with their suggestions, we promulgated them solemnly in our diocesan synod, which we held in our metropolitan church, on Sunday, the 5th of June. We now address you, brethren, to urge you to co-operate with us in putting in execution these rules of discipline, which are directed to your special benefit and to the promotion of order and piety.

The chief point of general interest which our synodical regulations regard, is the sacrament of marriage, the reception of which is henceforward to be preceded by the publication of the bans. This usage, which is general throughout the Church, reaches back as far as the year 1215, when it was decreed by the Great Council of Lateran, with a view to prevent invalid contracts of marriage, by reasons of previous engagements, or of relationship, or other impediment. The holy Council of Trent renewed this law, and the National Council of Baltimore, held last year, urged its observance throughout the United States. Of this ancient usage a vestige remains in the civil law of this State, which requires license for marriage to be obtained from the County Court, whensoever publication of its intended celebration has not been made on three successive Sundays in a public church, duly registered as such. It already exists in many dioceses.

The reasons for introducing it into those in which it has not been hitherto observed, are of the most cogent character. In consequence of the tide of emigration which constantly flows in upon our shores, we are peculiarly exposed to the danger of second marriages contracted in the life-time of a former consort, deserted or left behind through necessity, under promise of re-union.

Some even whose consorts are living in the United States, on going through necessity, caprice, or disgust, to a distance from them, enter into new engagements. The publication of the bans is the most obvious preventive of this awful crime of bigamy. Many will be deterred from attempting to commit it, by the fear of detection should their names be proposed in church, and thus their intended victims will escape; whilst now, on the discovery of the previous tie, it is scarcely possible to break the chain which binds them together. The honor and happiness of respectable families have oftentimes been sacrificed to the boldness of some adventurer, whose deceit was discovered too late. In urging, then, the publication of the bans, we are providing for the safety and protection of those most dear to you. The reluctance which some feel to have their intentions publicly proclaimed, should

yield to the imperious necessity, which requires full security as to the free state of the contracting parties.

The same reason, although in a less degree, applies to promises of marriage solemnly made, by which the confidence and affection of the inexperienced are sported with and betrayed. It is well that some check should be applied to this criminal levity. If wrongs may not be repaired by a compulsory contract, the man who has trifled with the hopes of the poor and unsuspecting, should, at least, be liable to be repelled from the society of those who respect virtue, and sympathize with abused innocence.

In order to preserve purity of morals among those who are exposed to occasions of familiarity by reason of natural relationship, or of affinity, and also with a view to enlarge the sphere of family affections, the Church forbids the contracting of marriage between persons related even in the fourth degree, and declares such contracts to be null and void, whenever they are not allowed by special dispensation. Parties anxious to form such engagements, within degrees which seldom admit of dispensation, sometimes conceal the relationship which subsists between them, as if the presence of the priest, and his ministerial concurrence could give effect to their mutual pledges, whilst he is ignorant of the impediment, or unauthorized to remove it. Thus they bind themselves with bonds of iniquity, and under the name of marriage, live in incestuous intercourse. The proclamation of bans serves to prevent these disorders.

Independently of these considerations, this discipline becomes necessary, in order to guard the sacrament against daily profanation. It is a doctrine of Catholic faith, that the natural contract of marriage has been raised by our Lord Jesus Christ to the dignity of a sacrament, which imparts grace to the parties, when properly prepared to receive it: whence it follows by necessary consequence that its unworthy reception implies the guilt of sacrilege. With deep humiliation we make the avowal, that very many Catholics have no practical sense of this truth, since they make not the slightest effort to dispose their souls for sacramental grace. Without confessing their sins, and without any feeling of compunction for them, they demand the sanction of religion for their contract, as if the sacred rite ensured every blessing. Oftentimes they hastily determine on marriage with less deliberation than they use in matters of trifling importance, and then hurry to the priest, at an unseasonable hour, that he may confirm their rash engagements. Cases even occur in which they are partially under the influence of liquor, so as to render questionable their capacity to give a valid consent. The minister of religion is perplexed, lest by his presence he become an accomplice in sacrilege, or by his refusal expose them to the danger of partial apostasy, by having recourse to a sectarian preacher. For these difficulties there is scarcely a remedy, as long as the publication of bans is neglected. The people imagine that they have a right to call at any time for the religious sanction of their mutual vows, and the priest is unable effectually to urge that necessary preparation for the grace of the sacrament. Thus the recognition of the sacramental character of marriage frequently serves only to aggravate the guilt of those who contract it, by connecting religion with their disorders. Need we be surprised that a curse instead of a blessing falls on so many who enter into the married state? They would not have blessing: it shall be far from them.

Brethren, marriage is the foundation of society: it is a great mystery, representing the union of Christ and the Church: it is a sacrament giving grace to the parties to love each other with pure affection, and to train up their children in the

fear of God: it unites them by a sacred bond, which no man can loose. Those who contemplate entering into matrimonial engagements, should weigh well the consequences, and study to obtain light from above, to know what is expedient for their happiness and salvation. They should avail themselves of the experience and advice of their parents, whose reasonable wishes should have a just influence on so important a determination: they should ascertain the religious and moral character of the object of their affections, and endeavor to secure a divine blessing, not only by the devout reception of the sacraments of penance and the eucharist, but also by assisting at the holy sacrifice, which the Church directs to be offered up on the occasion, with special prayers for that end. We greatly desire to see the practice established of celebrating marriage in the Church, at an early hour of the morning, so that it may be followed by the celebration of mass. This would give a religious character to the whole proceeding, and prevent many disorders and excesses, which arise from late weddings. The custom of offering up the sacrifice on this occasion is coeval with Christianity, as may be gathered from the testimony of Tertullian, writing at the commencement of the third century: "How can I find words to express the happiness of marriage formed with the approval of the Church, confirmed by the offering, sealed with blessing, reported on high by angels, ratified by the Father?"\* We are glad to know, that this pious usage is already observed in some congregations of this diocese, and we cherish the hope that, by your spontaneous action, it will soon become universal.

The apostle St. Paul forbade Christians to enter into the matrimonial relation with unbelievers. "Bear not the yoke together with unbelievers; for what participation hath justice with injustice? or what fellowship hath light with darkness? And what concord hath Christ with Belial? or what part hath the faithful with the unbeliever?"† The Church extends this prohibition to all who are not of her communion: and whenever she relaxes its strictness, she requires that the Catholic party should provide against the dangers connected with such a contract. The Christian parent is bound, at the peril of his own soul, to train up his child in the discipline of the Lord; which becomes in many instances impossible, through the opposition of an unbelieving consort, or the influence of his example. How many have seen their children grow up in unbelief, or fall away from the faith, to which perhaps they were never wholly attached on account of the conflicting views of their parents! Notwithstanding all possible precautions, the offspring of mixed marriages are exposed in numberless ways to make shipwreck of the faith, so that those who rashly form such engagements, contract an awful responsibility in the sight of God by placing them in this manifest danger. We warn, therefore, all who are yet free, to shun these unholy alliances, and to provide for their domestic peace and eternal salvation by choosing their partners in life among those who profess the faith, and live according to its teaching. It is altogether desirable that man and wife should be guided by the same principles of religious truth, and united in worshipping God, that their prayers may ascend to His throne in unison, and that they may walk before Him in the observance of all the commandments, and of all the duties of religion without blame. They should truly have "one heart and one soul," living in perfect harmony, and cherishing towards each other undivided affection, subordinate only to that which they owe to God. As no Catholic can compromise or yield, where divine truth is in question, the revealed will of God being the supreme rule to

\* L. ii, ad uxor. c. ult.

† II Cor. vi, 14.



which he is bound to adhere; so he should not place himself in such relations as may expose him to the manifest danger of violating his duty. We forbear to speak of the obstacles to the reception of the sacraments, and to the performance of other religious duties, which easily occur in divided families.

It is in no spirit of bitterness or aversion to any class of our fellow-citizens that we caution you against entering into the marriage relation with such as are without. Brethren, the will of our heart, indeed, and our prayer to God is for them unto salvation. We exhort such of you as are already bound to them by the marriage tie, to cherish sincere affection for them, notwithstanding the difference of belief, and to discharge with fidelity all the duties incumbent on you. Let not religion be the occasion of dissension, or unhappiness. Whilst in the secret of your hearts you mourn before God for the rashness with which you have rushed into so dangerous a position, supplicate Him to bestow grace and mercy on them and on your children. Present to both the example of unaffected piety, and by meekness, patience, and love, study to win them to the service of God. The prayers of Monica prevailed over the prejudices of her unbelieving husband; her admonitions, her tears, her alms, rescued from the gulf of perdition her erring licentious son.

We leave to our venerable brethren the clergy to explain, as opportunity shall suggest, the various other measures adopted by us in our late synod, and we calculate confidently on the ready acquiescence of all in them, inasmuch as they are but the application and enforcement of the discipline of the Universal Church, as laid down in our Provincial and National Councils.

We take this occasion to recommend to you, brethren, the formation in all the congregations of this diocese, of bands of ten persons, united in the charitable work of contributing to the propagation of the faith. By an offering of one cent per week, each member becomes entitled to all the spiritual privileges granted by the Sovereign Pontiffs, on performing the various acts of devotion which are prescribed. The poor who may not be able to make even that small contribution, can gain the same indulgences, by offering up their prayers, receiving the sacraments, and making the least pecuniary offering. Another work of zeal is also presented to your piety, namely a prayer association for the conversion of all who are separated from the Church throughout the United States. Prayer, beloved brethren, is the most effectual means for dissipating the prejudices of our fellow-citizens, and procuring for them the inestimable blessing of faith. The preaching of the word of God, is, doubtless, the direct means of communicating faith; but prayer may obtain the grace, which secretly draws and moves those, who otherwise might turn away their ears from the truth, and in the pride of self-sufficiency, reject the word which is able to save their souls. The secret operations of grace are, in a great measure, dependent on prayer; for God, who bestows grace freely, not as the reward of any natural merit, distributes it in greater or less abundance, according to the supplications which are offered up by His saints. "We desire, therefore, first of all, that supplications, prayers, intercessions and thanksgivings be made for all men:—for this is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour, who will have all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth." Let, then, the din of controversy no longer be heard in the domestic circle—let no religious strife disturb the harmony of our social relations—but let us, retired in our closets or assembled before the altar of God, besiege Heaven with importunate supplications for our fellow-men, as well as for ourselves. Besides the prayer specially prescribed for this end, we recommend the short address: "Virgin, con-

ceived without sin, pray for us." It is from God the Father of lights, and Giver of every good gift, that heavenly wisdom must descend; it is through the one Mediator of God and men, the man Christ Jesus, who gave Himself a redemption for all, that all grace must flow, for there is salvation in no other, neither is there any other name under heaven given unto men, whereby they can be saved. But the Virgin Mother of our Saviour-God also has her place in the divine economy. In her the Word was made flesh to dwell amongst us. In the fulness of time, God sent His Son, made of a woman. He willed us to receive all through Mary, who brought forth the Holy One, the Son of the Most High, Emanuel, that is, God with us. Her prayer obtained the miracle of Cana, although the hour for the manifestation of the divinity of her Son had not yet arrived. She can obtain all things from Him who regards her with filial affection. You must, however, co-operate by your fidelity to grace, "Giving all diligence, join with your faith, virtue: and with virtue, knowledge: and with knowledge, abstinence: and with abstinence, patience: and with patience, piety: and with piety, brotherly love: and with brotherly love, charity. For if these things be with you, and abound, they will make you to be neither empty nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Given at Baltimore, on the Feast of the Visitation of our blessed Lady, in the year of our Lord MDCCCLIII.

THOMAS FOLEY, *Secretary.*

✠ FRANCIS PATRICK,  
*Archbishop of Baltimore.*

## SHORT ANSWERS TO POPULAR OBJECTIONS AGAINST RELIGION.

VIII.—RELIGION, INSTEAD OF SPEAKING SO MUCH ABOUT THE NEXT LIFE, SHOULD BE OCCUPIED ABOUT THIS; IT SHOULD DESTROY MISERY, AND GIVE US HAPPINESS.

*Answer.* This thoughtless complaint involves one of those great questions which regard the deepest interests of human nature—the question of happiness.

You seek happiness, you wish to be happy.—You are right. God, in his paternal goodness, created us to be happy. Seek happiness then . . . but beware of being deceived in the selection of the means! Several roads are open before you: *one only* is the true one . . . wo to him who takes a wrong one!! . . .

Nothing more easy in our days than to make a mistake in this matter; for the world has never perhaps more abounded with false doctrines on this subject than it does now. Wicked men, or their victims, diffuse on every side by the thousand methods furnished by the press, doctrines which flatter all the passions, and easily penetrate into the popular mind. They wish to persuade us that we are on the earth for nothing else than to enjoy ourselves; that the hopes of a future life are mere dreams; that happiness consists in material prosperity, in money and the pleasures which money procures. Some of them, more audacious and more logical, add that to procure this money and these enjoyments, all means are good, and that every body must obtain this perfect earthly happiness, even at the expense of society, the family and religion.

The actual state of human society is vicious, say they: every thing must be destroyed,—must be altered; the face of the earth must be changed; then every one will be happy. This doctrine is called COMMUNISM, *Fourierism*, *Socialism*, *Saint-Simonism*, etc. These systems are the same at bottom. Their morality differs only in some unimportant details in its application. For the learned, this doctrine takes the name of *Pantheism*; so that Pantheism is Communism speaking Latin, and dressed up as a pedant.

I will not insult you by proving that this happiness of sensual enjoyments is degrading. It is evident. For it annihilates all that distinguishes man from the brute,—good, virtue, devotedness. In this system, a man differs from his dog only by his skin and his face; happiness is the same for both, the gratification of the animal propensities, sensual enjoyments! But, what people are not sufficiently convinced of, and what I desire to call your attention to, is the practical impossibility of the doctrines held by communists, the absurdity of their universal happiness.

I wish to render palpable to you its absolute opposition to the nature of things, to existing facts which cannot be changed. I wish to convince you that it is only a dream, a dangerous and ridiculous utopia, and that the high sounding words it uses, are altogether unmeaning. If there is here below a well ascertained fact, as clear as light, it is undoubtedly the sad necessity under which we all are, of suffering and dying. It is the condition of mankind, which is essential to it upon earth. It is the condition in which I am, in which you are, in which our fathers have been, in which our children will be, from which no human effort can draw us. Are there not, I ask, on this earth, and will not there always be maladies, afflictions and pains? Are there not, and will there not always be widows and orphans, disconsolate mothers weeping before the empty cradle of their child? . . . Are there not, and will there not always be conflicts of dispositions and wills with disappointments and deceptions? Can any thing change this state of things? Will any new organization of society, whatever it may be, prevent us from having the pleurisy, the gout or the cholera? Will it prevent the inconveniences arising from the seasons, from the cold of winter, or the burning heat of the summer sun? Will it annihilate the passions of men, pride, selfishness, hatred? Will it, particularly, free men from the necessity of dying?

What becomes then, in presence of such incontrovertible facts, in the midst of so many unavoidable evils, of the constant enjoyment, the perfect earthly happiness which communism promises? The approach alone of sickness, of grief, of death is enough to destroy it. . . . And yet these terrible enemies are always at our door. Therefore your communism, your socialism, is a mere imagination never to be realized on earth. Therefore he deceives himself, or he deceives me, who promises me happiness here below where it cannot be, and who makes it consist in enjoyments that are impossible. Therefore I must seek it somewhere else; for I know it exists somewhere. Where? Christianity tells me it exists in the germ in this world, and in a state of perfection in heaven.

Christianity agrees perfectly with the great fact of our mortal condition. It explains to us the fearful problem of suffering and of death. It discovers in them the punishment of sin. It teaches that the unavoidable evils of life are transitory afflictions destined by our heavenly Father to try our fidelity, to purify us from our faults, to render us more conformable to our crucified Saviour, to make us deserve a greater happiness in the eternal world! . . . It gives us the strength to bear them

with patience, sometimes even with joy; it makes us kiss the paternal hand which strikes only to save.

Religion considers the whole of man and views him as he is. It takes into consideration the facts which communism overlooks,—the degradation of mankind by original sin, the penance imposed on them, the necessity of following the Redeemer to partake of His redemption, the rewards that await us in the next life, etc. It does not reason from fanciful theories, as communism does, nor on mere suppositions. All the interests of man are present to it; his soul, his body, his life on earth, his life beyond the grave; it forgets nothing.

Communism on the contrary, sees in man only the shell, it forgets the kernel, the soul. Christianity does not forget the shell or the body, but it considers also the kernel, and finds that the kernel is more valuable than the shell. It refers all to the soul, to eternity, to God. By its action, at once mild and powerful, it frees the soul by degrees from its pride, its cupidity, its concupiscence, its excesses, its egotism, in a word, from all its vices; and thus it reaches the deepest roots of most of the evils we have just enumerated. For our misfortunes nearly always proceed from our passions; and these passions are calmed, restrained, subdued by Christianity. It gives to our heart that joy, that sweet peace, which purity of conscience produces. Faith clearly shows us the way that leads to happiness, and to happiness inconceivable! . . . Hope and charity make us run in that way and render sweet and amiable the yoke of duty.

Besides doing so much for the soul, Christianity, we have said, forgets not the body. It venerates it as the temple of the immortal soul which is itself the living temple of God. It is incessantly occupied in relieving, in healing, in anticipating even all its pains by charitable institutions, hospitals, etc. In every place where the voice of religion is heard, misery decreases; the rich become the friends, the brothers, often the servants of the poor. They pour their superfluous means into the lap of the indigent; and poverty, if it cannot be destroyed, becomes at least tolerable. Christianity attends to the body, not as the principal and the master, (it would be a disorder,) but as the accessory and the companion. It preserves it by sobriety and chastity; it sanctifies it by exterior worship, the reception of the sacraments, and above all by union to the sacred body of Jesus Christ in the eucharist. . . . It receives its last sigh; it accompanies it with honor to its last abode; and even there it bids it not an eternal farewell! . . . It knows that this Christian body, purified by the baptism of death, will come out of the dust radiant with glory, will be re-united to its soul, and will taste with it ineffable delights in heaven! . . . Such is Christianity. It knows, it promises, it imparts happiness! It gives on earth what is suited to our state. If it gives not all, it is because all ought not, cannot be given in this world. It supports its promises by the most irrefragable proofs. What the Christian has not yet, he knows, he is sure that he will possess one day. Consequently, every true Christian is happy. He has sorrows, he has pains . . . It is impossible to have none; but his heart is satisfied, his mind is serene.

Does communism act thus towards the deluded men whom it amuses with its chimeras? It promises what no human power can give; it promises impossibilities . . . and its promises have no other support than the bold assertion of its leaders! Are its leaders calculated to inspire confidence? "The world will be happy," say they, "when every thing will be changed."—Yes; but when will every thing be changed? If, as we think to have proved, the change is contrary to the nature of things, this world runs great risk of never knowing what happiness is. Com-

munism acts like the Gascon barber who put on his sign-board: "To-morrow, I will shave here for nothing." To-morrow was always to-morrow, and to-day never came. The communist wishes for the reward without doing the work: the Christian looks for it after the work. For this reason every idler, every lazy fellow embraces willingly the doctrines of communism, and discards the teachings of religion.

Let the world then beware of the hollow but seductive promises with which socialists fill their periodicals, their novels, their pamphlets. Let us despise them, and treat as they deserve, men who blush not to propose to rational beings the degrading happiness of brutes,—sensual enjoyment! Let us re-animate our sleeping faith; let us become Christians! in this is the remedy of all evils. Let us study that Catholic religion which created European civilization: let us impress it upon our minds, our hearts, our customs, our institutions, our laws! . . . We shall then have the happiness which is possible in this world, and perfect happiness in the next.

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#### THE FATHERS OF THE DESERT.

To our age the Oriental saints, with their contemplations, their austerities, their mortifications, their fasts, and their macerations of the body for the sake of the soul, appear any thing but attractive, and even many comparatively good Catholics are disposed to speak of their conduct as a sublime folly. It is not and never was a doctrine of the Catholic Church, that all they did or suffered is necessary in the case of every one for salvation. Nor is every one recommended to aspire to imitate their austerities. All are not called to such things, although for all mortification in some degree is necessary. They are only for those who are enabled to endure them by the special grace of God. Yet though not, to the extent carried by these Oriental anchorites and fathers, necessary for salvation in the case of all men, they are well pleasing to God, and are never wholly wanting in those who aspire to the highest degree of merit, and make it the business of their lives to live and labor only for Christian perfection. To inherit eternal life we have only to keep the commandments, but if we would be perfect we must sell what we have, and give to the poor, and follow Christ, and follow Him, too, in the way of the cross, and share with Him His passion.

Simple nature, no doubt, recoils from these austerities, for nature is unequal to them, save as elevated and assisted by grace, and can see in them only her own crucifixion. They cannot be performed unless inspired by the Holy Ghost, by a supernatural love; and they are supernatural in their principle and character. No man can endure them unless sustained by a supernatural strength, or safely attempt them without a supernatural sympathy with the passion of our Lord, and a supernatural longing to bear with Him His cross. This is wherefore the men and women of the world are unequal to them, wherefore they have no ability to appreciate them, and wherefore they are repelled and even disgusted by them. They have no vocation to them. They love their own ease, the ease of the body, the gratification of their tastes, the satisfaction of their appetites. In them the flesh predominates, and they deem its mortification a calamity, as something to be avoided and guarded against. Their minds are worldly and their hearts are set on

vanities and lies. To them these old Fathers, these glorious old saints,—who lived only for heaven, and were ambitious only to immolate themselves with Christ, their dear Lord and Master, on His cross,—seem to have missed the purpose of life, and to have thrown away their lives. They almost regard them as criminal, as guilty of a sort of moral suicide, in refusing to enjoy the good things of this world, and in seeking to mortify all their senses. At least they esteem them to be fools, ignorant of the liberality and indulgence of our good Father, and ungrateful in turning their backs upon the riches with which he has filled the earth, and the profusion of beauty with which he has adorned it. See how the bird carols, the flower blooms, the butterfly expands its golden wings, and all nature decks herself in beautiful apparel, and steps forth blithesome and glad, as if enjoying one perennial holiday. Why not imitate her, and enjoy, with a glad heart, the good things a bountiful Father with a liberal hand provides us? Can He envy us our happiness? Can He send us joy, and be angry with us if we indulge it?

So think and so reason the men and women of this world, all in the dark as to the hidden joy of the saints amid their greatest austerities, and the secret fullness of their souls when suffering the greatest hunger and thirst. They know not, cannot conceive that the life of these great servants of God is as happy a life as it is possible for us to live this side of heaven, away from our home. What were the sufferings of St. Mary of Egypt, during her long years of solitude and penance, compared with those she endured as the miserable daughter of pleasure, or what was the pleasure of her gay and sensual life compared with the serene peace and pure joy she experienced in her sweet communion with her heavenly Spouse in the desert? But let us not speak of sinful pleasures. Take what is called an honest secular life, a life which brings with it no pain of neglected duties, no memory of wrongs done, no bitter remorse of conscience, but a life that consists in collecting and enjoying, in moderation, if you will, the good things of this world, and it is far enough from being a happy life. Our Lord said, that whoever forsakes all for Him, shall receive a hundred-fold in this world, and everlasting life in the world to come; and His words are true. There is nothing solid, nothing durable, even in innocent sensual enjoyment, and do our best we can only stifle, never satisfy, the deep spiritual wants of our souls with sensible goods, in whatever abundance we possess them, or with whatever prudence, moderation, or taste we may partake of them. They always leave us empty and unsatisfied. The people whom we generally regard as favored, and as leading a very happy and enviable life, are, for the most part, deserving of our commiseration. On the simple score of happiness or real enjoyment, there can be no doubt that the religious life is far preferable, and that the most austere and mortified monk or anchoress enjoys a hundred-fold more than the least unhappy of seculars, living a strictly secular life.

This, no doubt, sounds to our age like folly or enthusiasm, but the reason is, that we have to a great extent lost the sense of the supernatural, and have come to live as if a natural life, natural goods, and a natural beatitude were all that Christianity proposes, requires, or counsels. The tendency of our age, perhaps, in a greater or less degree, of every age, is to exclude God, and to fall back on nature. Man and nature take the place of God and heaven. The strength of man comes from himself, and the end of man is to produce, accumulate, and enjoy the good things of this world. We conceive of, we relish, none but sensible good. All labor *not* for the meat that perisheth is regarded as so much labor thrown away. We have given ourselves up, heart and soul, to this world. We have become immensely active, terribly energetic; we cover the ocean with our ships, we bring to light the



treasures hid in the bowels of the earth; we make the winds our servants and the lightnings our messengers, and annihilate time and distance by our inventions. The whole world is laid under contribution, and the sea and the land, the air and the light, are forced to own man for their master, and to wear his livery. The hammer of industry rings from morning till night, till far into the night. Every nerve is strung, every sinew is stretched, every wit is racked, to invent, to produce, to multiply and bring to our doors the arts and appliances of a worldly and luxurious life; and we boast of this as the evidence of the marvellous progressiveness of our race, in these our days. In the more advanced nations, at least those who call themselves the more advanced, like Great Britain and the United States, poverty is regarded, not as a blessing, not as endearing us to Him who for our sakes became poor, but as a crime and is actually punished as such. Your Union work-houses and your poor-houses are veritable prisons, where you punish men and women for the heinous crime of being poor, and in need of help from others to keep their soul and body together. Wealth is respectability, is virtue, and, if combined with polished manners, kind feelings and good taste, is heroic sanctity. Christianity is effete, the church is a rickety old building, which encumbers the site wanted for a cotton mill, a woolen factory, a warehouse, a ship-yard, a canal basin, or a rail road station, and if now and then propped up and preserved, it is only as affording a respectable shelter for gentlemen's younger sons, or such as lack the energy to get on in the world; the Christian virtues are out of date,—are not compatible with the spirit of the age; hell is laughed at as are the bugbears with which our nurses frightened us in our infancy; the devil is a philanthropic old gentleman, who has the real interests of mankind at heart, and has been greatly belied and traduced for his love to man, and his disinterested efforts to emancipate him from the spiritual bondage in which he is held by the priesthood, and to teach him to rely on himself, to be independent, a free man, abounding in lofty, manly virtue; heaven is the refuge of disappointed love, or of silly old women who take to piety instead of tea and gossip, and is worthy of the thought or aspiration of a wise man only as it comes in this world in the shape of a ball or a rout, an abundant crop of corn, cotton, or tobacco, a heavy freight, a rich cargo, a rapid sale at a high advance, or a fat dividend.

When our travellers visit catholic countries, they are shocked at the number and splendor of the churches, at the multitude of priests and religious, at the fondness for church-going, the idleness and want of thrift among the people. Compare England or the United States with Italy, what a difference! In the former all is life, energy, activity; every man is employed, is hard at work in some branch of profitable industry, changing the whole face of things; in the latter all is slow, listless, idle, unthrifty. Years roll round and bring no change, no advance in wealth. The peasant, give him his *polenta*, his church, and his Madonna, is contented to live and die a peasant, as did his father and his father's father. Mark the difference between the lazy Spaniard and the energetic Anglo-Saxon. For three hundred years had the former possessed California, and suffered its golden riches to lie concealed in the sands; the latter has hardly possession of it a single year before its mines are discovered, and a new spring is given to the commerce and industry of the world. Protestantism is the religion of thrift, the religion for men who will be men, and live and die men—of the world. You can tell by the very smell, so some enlightened non-Catholic travellers have said, when you have passed from a Protestant to a Catholic canton. Industry, cleanliness, and thrift mark the Protestant canton; idleness, shiftlessness, dirt, and filth characterize the

Catholic. All praise to the glorious reformers, therefore, who made war on the beast, and down with the pope! What a blight upon mankind must be the popish religion! How must every philanthropic soul sympathize with the Leaheys, the Sparrys, the Brownlees, the Dowlings, the Maria Monks, the Giustinianis, the Achillis, and the Gavazzis who so generously step forward and labor to deliver mankind from its withering influence!

There is nothing strange in all this. If they have called the master of the house Beelzebub, how much more those of his household? What was the grand objection of the old carnal Jews to our Lord, and why did they reject Him? They had become carnal, and understood the promise of a Messiah in a carnal sense. They expected a temporal prince, who would bring with him temporal prosperity; in other words, they held the kingdom he was to set up would be a worldly kingdom, and secure for its subjects all conceivable worldly greatness, prosperity, and felicity. When, then, our Lord came, not in the pomp of an earth-born grandeur, not as a temporal prince, using his supernatural power to establish a universal temporal kingdom, and to secure to his subjects an abundance of all conceivable sensible goods, and enable them to enjoy them in peace, each sitting under his own vine and fig-tree, with none to molest or to make him afraid, but as the poor carpenter's son, in the form of a servant, pronouncing a woe upon the rich and a blessing upon the poor, denouncing pride and commanding humility, enjoining a life of self-denial, of detachment from the world, trampling upon all earthly greatness, and teaching men to live and labor, not for the temporal and the sensible, but for the eternal and the spiritual, to wean their affections from all that perisheth, and to aspire only to gain, through tribulation and sorrow, a heaven after death,—a reward glorious indeed, but distant and invisible,—they saw in him no beauty or comeliness that they should desire him, and they rejected him in their wrath, and in their fury cried out, "Crucify him! Crucify him!" So is it now. The men and women of the world ask for a temporal religion, a religion that gives them worldly respectability, that fills their coffers, that saves them from poverty and want, multiplies for them sensible goods, renders labor superfluous, and gives to every one a complete satisfaction for all his natural appetites and passions; in one word, that secures a sensible or material heaven on earth for all worldly and sensual men. Such a religion all the world knows the Catholic religion is not. She is spiritual, and esteems only spiritual goods. She pampers no appetite. She is complacent to no natural passion; and affords no encouragement to those who crave only a life of sensual enjoyment. She is true to the letter and the spirit of her heavenly Spouse, and bids us treat as matters unworthy of serious thought all those things after which the heathen seek. The poor are her jewels, and white-robed virgins, who have renounced the world and its pomps, her diadem. She enjoins what the world hates. She denounces what the world loves. She feels a thrill of maternal joy through her whole heart when her children give themselves up to the great work of laying up for themselves treasures in heaven, but looks sad and sorrowful when she sees them wedded to the world, and devoted to the accumulation of mere earthly treasures, or simple material goods, which distract the mind, withdraw the heart from God and heaven, and are as empty and as desolating for the soul as the east wind. She is intent on the well-being and final salvation of the soul, and does not worship thrift as a God, or honor it as the first of virtues. Therefore carnal men and women cannot endure her; therefore they condemn her as a superstition, denounce her as unfriendly to industry, prosperity, and wealth of nations, and seek with the fierce old carnal Jews to destroy her from the face of the earth.

This carnal Judaism which breaks out upon us in all the sects, and in all classes of modern reformers and philanthropists, is not without some influence even upon Catholics. Amongst ourselves there are not a few who dream of a heaven on earth, and think the kingdom of Christ ought to be, if it is not, a temporal kingdom set up for the temporal prosperity and enjoyment of mankind. These follow Christ for the loaves and fishes, and have very little sympathy with Oriental asceticism. They can see no use in the contemplative life, and are inclined to regard the contemplative orders as a nuisance. They think it was very wrong for Mary to sit at the feet of Jesus and feast her soul on the gracious words which fell from His lips, while she left to Martha all the cares of the household. She ought to have foregone that pleasure, and performed her share of the household duties. The only religious orders they can tolerate are the active orders. Martha, not Mary, is supposed to have chosen the better part. The Sisters of Charity they can endure, for these, in part at least, devote themselves to the corporal works of mercy; but the orders whose duty it is to pray, to give themselves up to contemplation, to intimate communion with God, they regard at best as only so many lazy drones, who contribute nothing to the general well-being of society, and are simply a burden upon its industry. We ourselves are more or less affected by the spirit of the age, and in our hearts, if not in our words, half consent to the non-Catholic horror of Catholic asceticism.

All this comes from forgetfulness of the fact that our destiny is supernatural, and our heaven is neither from this world nor in this world, and also from a forgetfulness of the fact that we live, not under the natural, but the supernatural providence of God. We are apt to imagine, not only that our good lies in the natural order, but that it is attainable, when attainable at all, by the exertion of our own unassisted natural forces,—two capital mistakes.—*Brocton's Review*.

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## LITERARY NOTICES.

*Lazarine, or Duty once understood, religiously fulfilled.* Baltimore: Murphy & Co.; London: Dolman; 18mo. pp. 347.

WE have seldom read a more interesting and instructive Catholic tale, than is contained in this book. It is a translation from the French, and has for its aim to impress upon young persons, especially those of the sex, on their quitting school and returning to the family circle, the necessity of self-sacrifice, of pursuing the path of duty rather than of inclination, in order to render themselves useful under the circumstances in which divine Providence has placed them. One of the commonest and most deplorable evils in modern society, is the misconception of duty on the part of young ladies who have just completed their studies at a boarding school, and their total want of preparation for the life to which they are called at home. They have learned a smattering of grammar and geography; how to write a long letter on subjects of little or no importance, and to run their fingers with some facility over the key-board of a piano or the strings of a harp: and they imagine that after having labored for the attainment of this knowledge, they have a right to consider themselves free, that the time of enjoyment has arrived, and nothing remains for them but to follow without restraint the path into which their inclinations may lead them. A fatal experience, however, sooner or later convinces them of their mistake. They find that the cultivation of their mind, or the ornamental part of education will never, of itself, carry them successfully through the world. The trials and difficulties of their position, after having advanced a step further in life, call

for the exercise of patience, self-control, charity, and other virtues, which are impracticable or at least extremely arduous, where the heart has not been previously trained by self-denial. When young persons return to the parental roof, after the completion of their education, they only pass to another sphere of duty, and of duty which requires greater resolution and self-control than was necessary in the shades of literary retirement. They have now to apply the knowledge they possess, to sustain a combat against the world, and to perform the part of usefulness which is assigned to them by Providence in their particular situation of life.

This important and practical lesson is admirably illustrated in the volume before us. Lazarine was the only daughter of a wealthy French nobleman, who had lost his wife, and who now led a dissipated life. She was the idol of her father; but her brother Merry, by embracing the ecclesiastical state, had become the object of his displeasure. On her return home from school, she found the company of some of her relatives who had been solicited to reside in the family mansion, very uncongenial to her, while the habits of her father prevented her from being much in his society. Her situation became almost insupportable, and to rid herself of the sorrow and vexation that met her at every step, she determined to remain within herself, to give herself to study, for which she had a peculiar turn; in a word, to live according to her own will and fancy, regardless of those about her. This unwise plan, however, she was induced to abandon, by the salutary advice of an uncle who took a lively interest in her welfare and that of her family, and by pursuing the course which he suggested, she overcame all the trials of her position.

The following passage will introduce them more particularly to the reader :

"Listen, Lazarine; I am too candid, and you too dear to me, to permit of my hesitating or using subterfuge. My child, I acknowledge to you I had counted on finding you established with your father on quite a different footing to that on which I find you, and this disappoints me extremely! Now all is explained."

"But, uncle, what would you have had me to do? there was no other way left me."

"That is what we will examine together, later; the fault, after all, is not yours, it falls upon your education!—In truth, I understand nothing of education now-a-days!—And your piety: may I be permitted to ask you how you go on in that point?"

"Uncle, I do not neglect myself: since I left school I have not failed in any of my duties."

"Can you tell me, my dear child, what you were taught to understand by the word duties?"

"You are joking; really one would think, uncle," replied Lazarine, laughing, "you were asking me my catechism."

"Lazarine, I like people to define the terms they make use of; without this precaution, there is no means of understanding one another. So among all these duties in which you have never failed, you include—"

"Well, uncle, I include—attendance at mass and vespers on Sundays, my morning and night prayers, and then confession—in short, all good Christian practices!"

"Lazarine, here is a phrase you make use of very lightly; but do not be alarmed, I keep to the first explanation I asked you. These duties you were taught to acquit yourself of for the purpose—"

"Uncle, really you are very importuning, you puzzle me strangely!—In fine, I fulfil them, because I am a Catholic, and—when one is a Catholic, one knows there are certain obligations to perform."

"Just so! See how young persons are instructed—and after that, when the ideas of a child have been thus falsified in their germ, who can be astonished to see her swerve from that path she should adhere to?"

"Candidly, I do not see, uncle, very clearly what you are aiming at."

"I believe you, my child; this manner of seeing things is quite novel to you. Lazarine, Lazarine, daughter of the most perfect woman I ever knew, pardon my tenderness! In the solicitude I bear to your brother and self, my dear child, believe me, there is something maternal. My child, your father, in losing my sister, sustained a loss which has not yet been repaired, for your mother's virtues would have ended by exercising their influence over a man, who sacrifices, as he does continually, his heart to his head. Your mother had to contend with, in him, a temper that age had not yet subdued; the task the Almighty did not leave her time to accomplish, has passed into your hands, Lazarine, as her most precious legacy. These hidden wounds which prey upon the private life of a family, and which cannot be touched by a stranger's hand, you were called upon to try to sound and to cure. A prejudice keeps your father's heart closed to a son, whom grief is killing in spite of his angelic resignation; to you, Laza-

rine, it belonged to prepare the way and to open again, at last, to Merry the paternal heart. Your father, yielding to factitious wants, to long and fatal habits, abandons himself to company which corrupts and ruins him, and lives in forgetfulness of his religion. Upon you devolves the sublime task of bringing him back to the right road, by the irresistible power of mildness, and of saving him from the frightful abyss into which gambling and luxury threaten to precipitate him. But I own, Lazarine, to support you in this laborious career, you needed religion's utmost aid; and a few words from your lips have sufficed to prove to me that you were never taught to make use of it. How deplorable! This compass that God has placed in the hands of every man, and without which we cannot make a sure step in life, scarcely any one deigns to cast a look upon."

"Uncle, you confound my ideas; I must tell you, that in point of religion, at school I always passed for very pious; besides, how could you think of my attempting all these things with my father? I declare that I never once thought of them."

"I see that already, my dear child, that is what grieves me. Oh! the folly of our present society! Talk as much as you please of brilliant boarding schools, of superior education, where is it to be found? A woman is praised up to the skies, because she can express herself in three or four different languages, and nobody inquires if she knows how to love God;—if she knows how to sacrifice herself. She has neither judgment nor firmness of mind. What matter! she is all perfection, because she sings after the most approved methods; executes at first sight the most difficult pieces of Haydn, Schubert, Bellini; or it may be, makes use of learned words at random, writes with exquisite grace, and gives her opinion upon literary productions with pitiful ignorance; and thus adorned with this fine varnish, conduct her to the family circle; there where she must pass her days in quiet and obscurity, put her in contact with austere duties, and she falls as from the skies. She is in consternation; or rather, having no knowledge of even the rudiments of that science of self-sacrifice, which, nevertheless, is eminently hers, she agitates and torments herself until she has at last broken through the real exigencies of her situation, and destroys her own happiness as well as that of those about her."

By observing the excellent counsels of her uncle, and bending herself to the duties which Providence assigned her in the domestic circle, Lazarine became a model of charity and gentleness; won the esteem of her relatives by her kind deportment; was contented and happy, and when the storm of adversity burst over her house, by the disorderly life of her parent, she was instrumental in reclaiming him from his wanderings, and having become a parent herself, her household was a scene of happiness, she was everywhere known and admired for her many virtues, which gave peace and joy to her own heart, and were the source of innumerable blessings to others.

This book, as may be inferred from our remarks, is precisely a novel of that sort which is wanted for the entertainment and instruction of youth. It may well serve as a model of this kind of writing, to those whose talents seem to qualify them for the department of fiction. Its tone is thoroughly Catholic, though the incidents are not such as to give it a too grave or religious a character. In showing forth the foibles of life, nothing is introduced to shock the moral sense of the reader or defile the imagination of even the most sensitive. The author had the happy talent of mingling the useful and agreeable, without drawing from those scenes of corruption which are so frequent in fashionable life, and which serve no other purpose in books of fiction, than to beget temptations and expose the virtue and innocence of youth. The plot of the story is ingenious, and evinces great powers of imagination, and the style of the writer is natural and easy. We regret, however, that the English translator has not done justice to the beautiful original. The French is often too literally rendered, and sometimes we meet with inaccuracy of language. But upon the whole, it is a work that ought to be widely circulated, because it is calculated to produce the most salutary impressions upon the minds of young persons who are living under the parental roof.

*Alban: or the History of a Young Puritan.* By J. V. Huntington, author of *Lady Alice*, &c. 2 vols. 8vo. New York: Redfield; Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

No one can read this work without being convinced that the author possesses extraordinary abilities. In recording the incidents which fill up the student life of Alban, and which consist chiefly of controversial conversations and worldly amusements, with a sprinkling of romantic courtship, Dr. Huntington displays a descriptive power which is perhaps unsurpassed by any writer in our language. With an exuberant fancy and a perfect command of words, he enchants his reader at times by the brilliancy of his



scenes, and he is never so happy as in the representation of those which are religious. We take pleasure in remarking this, because it shows that he is destined to excel in this department of fiction. In fact, it may be said that the only useful and interesting portion of the story is that which dwells upon Catholic topics. The worldly pictures, which are often introduced, might be omitted with great advantage, and some of them must be left out if the work has any pretensions to be tolerated among good Catholics. The conversation between Alban and Miss De Groot on board of the steamboat, (vol. 1,) and some other things of a similar character in the second volume, are altogether reprehensible, and the introduction of them into a novel cannot be justified on any grounds whatever. Dr. Huntington seems to think that the fictionist has a right to hold up immodest scenes to the public by way of cautioning against them. He says:

"Why should not a writer who takes the highest point of view from which to look down upon life, that is, its relation to the hereafter—why should not he treat these matters in a masculine and flowing style? It is the want of this that has rendered the French Catholic literature so weak and ineffective. But all religious novels, hitherto, have been so entirely devoted to cant, that the least manliness of treatment surprises and shocks in a work that avows a religious aim; a freedom which in Blackwood, and from the pen of *KIR NOATH*, passes for innocent, produces a huge outcry when it is met with here; and what elicits no rebuke when found in *Ik Marvel* or *Hawthorne*, excites the hypocritical indignation of the whole critical tribe, in our well-meant books."

We venture to inform the author that this paragraph is entirely at variance with the principles of Catholic morality. There is a maxim universally recognised among spiritual writers and confirmed by the practice of the saints, that temptations against the sixth commandment are never to be courted; that in regard to such things there is no safety for the Christian except in flight, or as *St. Philip Neri* expressed it, he only is secure who is a coward. Such being the case, how can it be allowable for a novelist to produce scenes which will beget temptation? Every body knows that it is sinful to gaze without necessity upon immodest objects, or to speak on such subjects. How then can the fictionist industriously, and without any necessity whatever, scatter abroad such sources of temptation? If it is a sin to read immodest books, how can it be lawful to write them?

We say this with the highest admiration of *Dr. Huntington's* talents and upright intentions, and with the conviction that if he forms himself upon some good Catholic models, as the tales of *Canon Schmid*, many of the French stories, as *Lazarine* for instance, he will become a most accomplished contributor to this kind of literature, and render invaluable services to religion and society.

*Essays on Various Subjects.* By His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman. 3 vols. 8vo. London: Dolman; Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

THESE volumes contain a collection of the principal articles contributed by Cardinal Wiseman to the *Dublin Review*, during the last twenty years, and the reader may judge of the high value of the publication, from the well-known abilities of the author, and from the particular object he had in view when he connected himself with that periodical. The Puseyite or Oxford movement was then beginning to attract attention, and to the more profound observers of the times, it appeared to contain the germ of some important religious development. To watch its progress and influence its direction, was one of the main objects of the *Quarterly*. At the same time, Catholics themselves seemed to be recovering from the torpor which had long characterised them, and it was a favorable moment to awake them to a proper spirit, by placing before them the grandeur and beauty of their religion, which to many was only known in that humble state to which it had been reduced by three hundred years of persecution. Again, as the enemies of the Church assail her from every direction, it was necessary to mingle with these subjects others of a miscellaneous character. The three volumes before us have therefore been arranged according to the triple distribution of subjects treated in the *Dublin Review*. The first consists of papers which suppose Catholic readers: the second relates to the High Church Question or the Oxford Controversy: the third is made up of essays on miscellaneous topics. Cardinal Wiseman being the most learned and accomplished champion of Catholicity in the English language, we hope that his essays will meet with a circulation co-extensive with his world-wide reputation.



## RECORD OF EVENTS.

**ARCHDIOCESS OF BALTIMORE.—Parochial Regulations.**—The sacraments of baptism and marriage, as also the last sacraments, are to be received from the priest of the parish, or his vicar, or other priest, with the consent of the parish priest, or leave of the bishop. Confession can be made to any authorized priest, and the holy communion can be received in any church, without regard to parochial limits. Easter communion should be made in the parish church. Baptism is to be administered only in churches, unless the party live at three miles distance from any church.

Pewholders are at present permitted to receive the sacraments from the rector of the church in which they hold pews, even although their residence be out of the limits of that parish, provided they receive them within the limits. They can receive the last sacraments at home from the same, or from the parish priest.

Germans may receive the sacraments from the German parish priest, although they reside in a different parish. When either party is German, marriage may be contracted either before the German priest, or the parish priest, after publication, however, in both churches. The children of parents, one of whom is German, may be baptized by either priest. The last sacraments may be received by Germans, either from the parish priest, or the German priest.

The bans of marriage must precede its celebration, after the first of August. For two years a power of dispensing in two of the publications is granted to the respective parish priests and missionaries, whenever moral certainty is had that the parties are free to enter into marriage contract, unless in case of emigrants who have not resided five years in the States. The publications must be made three times in all such cases, where either party is an emigrant, unless a special dispensation be obtained from the Archbishop or his vicar-general, or chancellor. Satisfactory proof of freedom from any prior contract will be required, before such dispensation will be granted.

In all the counties where no priest resides, the proclamation of bans is not required. Parties residing there can be married by the nearest or most convenient priest, on evidence of their freedom to make the contract.

Wherever mass is not celebrated on all the Sundays of the year, one publication only will be required, if evidence be presented of free state.

In cases of mixed marriages, a discretionary power is given to the missionaries, if the freedom of the parties to make the contract be certain, and the conditions arranged. The priest, however, must be previously authorized to dispense in the ecclesiastical law, and the number of cases must be reported before October, 1854. When an unbaptized party applies, a special dispensation must be sought.

**Limits of the Parishes of Baltimore.**—The Parish of the Cathedral is bounded by North and South streets on the East, Pratt on the South, Greene and Pennsylvania Avenue on the West, St. Mary and Madison to St. Paul on the North, by St. Paul to Monument on the East, and by Monument to North street on the North.

The Parish of St. Patrick's is bounded by Canal street on the West, and Fayette street on the North, and by the water line.

The Parish of St. Vincent's is bounded by Monument street and Bel-Air Avenue on the North and North-East; by North and South streets to Pratt, and by Pratt to Bowly's Wharf; then by the water line to Canal street, by Canal street to Fayette street, then by Fayette to the City limits.

The Parish of St. Joseph's is bounded by Pratt street on the North, by the Basin on the North-East; by Greene, Columbia, Fremont and Ridgely streets.

The Parish of St. Peter's is bounded by Franklin, Greene, Columbia, Fremont and Ridgely streets.

The Parish of the church of the Conception is bounded by Franklin street, Pennsylvania Avenue, St. Mary, Madison, Howard and Cathedral streets.

The Parish of the new church to be erected at the north-west corner of Calvert and Madison streets, is bounded by North, Monument, St. Paul, Madison, Howard and Cathedral streets.

The Parish of St. John's church (contemplated,) is bounded by North and Monument streets, and Bel-Air Avenue.

**Parochial Limits for Washington City.**—The Parish of St. Patrick's is comprised within the following bounds: Tiber Creek on the East, and the East side of Thirteenth street on the West, the Canal on the South; and the line of the District of Columbia on the North.

The Parish of St. Matthew's extends from the West side of Thirteenth street to Georgetown bridge; and from the Canal to the North line of the District.

The Parish of St. Peter's runs from Tiber Creek to the Navy Yard, and from the Canal to the Eastern line of the District.

St. Mary's church is for the Germans throughout the city.

The Parish of the church about to be erected on the Island, includes the whole Island bounded by the river and canal.

**Reception.**—On the 21st inst., at the Convent of the Visitation, in this city, Miss Emily Louise Prevost was admitted to the religious habit, receiving, at the same time, the name of Sister Mary Christine. The Rev. Mr. Flaut performed the ceremony, and preached on the occasion.—*Cath. Mir.*

**Ordination.**—The Most Rev. Archbishop conferred tonsure and minor orders, in the chapel of the Noviceship of the Society of Jesus, on Saturday, 11th June, on nine scholastics and one novice.

On Wednesday, of the following week, the sacred order of subdeaconship, was conferred in the parish church of St. John, on Peter Mans, a novice: who, with James Carney, a student of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, was promoted to deaconship and priesthood on the two succeeding days.

**Confirmation.**—The sacrament of confirmation was administered in St. Joseph's church, Emmitsburg, on Sunday, June 12th, to 11 persons; and in the church of the Sisterhood on the following day to eighteen young ladies.

On Saturday, 18th June, 123 persons were confirmed in the church of St. Patrick, and 56 in the church of SS. Peter and Paul, Cumberland.

Two hundred and thirty were confirmed in the church of St. Ignatius, Mount Savage, on Sunday, June 19th.

The Most Rev. Archbishop visited Frostburg on Sunday, 19th ult., and administered confirmation to one hundred and thirty-six persons. This mission is in charge of the Rev. Mr. Slattery.

Ninety-eight were confirmed in St. Mary's church, Marlboro', on Sunday, 26th June. The Very Rev. Provincial of the Society of Jesus preached at late Mass.

Eighteen students of Georgetown College were confirmed in the College chapel, on the feast of the Visitation. Eleven young ladies were confirmed on the same day in the Convent chapel.

**DIOCESS OF PHILADELPHIA.**—**Dedication.**—On Sunday, June 26th, the church of St. Agnes, Westchester, was dedicated to the worship of God; the Very Rev. Dr. Moriarty officiated on the occasion.

**Confirmation.**—On the same day, the Right Rev. Dr. Neumann confirmed 136 persons in St. Joseph's church, Brandywine.

**DIOCESS OF PITTSBURG.**—**Ordination.**—On the 23d June, the Right Rev. Bishop conferred the order of priesthood on the Rev. Rupert Seidenbush, O. S. B., in the church of St. Vincent, near Youngstown. After the ordination ninety persons were confirmed. The very Rev. E. McMahon preached on the occasion.—*Pitts. Cath.*

**DIOCESS OF SAVANNAH.**—**Ordination.**—On Friday, 24th June, festival of the Nativity of St. John Baptist, the Right Rev. the Bishop of Savannah, conferred the tonsure and minor orders on Mr. Michael Cullinan, in the church of St. John Baptist, Savannah. Mr. C. was late a student of Carlow College, Ireland, where the bishop engaged his services in November, 1851.—*Cath. Misc.*

We learn from the same paper, that the church of St. John the Baptist, at Savannah, having been enlarged by an addition of 25 by 60 feet in front, was re-dedicated on the 26th June, Sunday, within the Octave of St. John the Baptist. The ceremony was

performed by the Right Rev. Dr. Gartland, who also celebrated a pontifical high mass, at which the Right Rev. Dr. Reynolds delivered an able discourse on the holy sacrifice. The Right Rev. Dr. Barron, Bishop of Eucarpia *in partibus*, and several other clergymen were present on the occasion.

**ARCHDIOCESS OF NEW ORLEANS.—Confirmation.**—On Sunday, 12th ult., the Most Rev. Archbishop confirmed, at Lafayette, 4th District, 215 persons. After the eight o'clock mass, 49 persons of the French congregation received the confirmation in the church of the Assumption; and the same sacrament was administered after the last mass, of ten o'clock, in St. Alphonsus' church, to 166 persons, of the American congregation, among whom were six converts.—*Mess.*

On Sunday, the 19th, the Most Rev. Archbishop confirmed 67 persons in Trinity church, 3d District. In the afternoon the Very Rev. M. Rousselon blessed two new bells in the same church. Both ceremonies were attended by a numerous and overflowing congregation.

On the 16th, he confirmed in St. Mary's church, Conde street, 150 persons, among whom one hundred on that day made their first communion.—*Ib.*

**DIOCESS OF MOBILE.—Ordination.**—On the 5th of May, the Right Rev. Bishop of Mobile conferred, in his cathedral, the sacred order of deaconship on Messrs. P. Koyle, and D. Gibbons, both for his diocese. On the 16th of May, these two gentlemen were promoted to the holy order of the priesthood in the chapel of the Convent of the Visitation, at Summerville.—*Ib.*

**Confirmation.**—On Pentecost day the Right Rev. Prelate confirmed 125 persons in his cathedral. Some time before he had confirmed 40 persons at the church of the Navy Yard, Pensacola; and 35 persons had also been confirmed in the chapel of Spring Hill College.

**ARCHDIOCESS OF ST. LOUIS.—Dedication.**—On the 12th of June, the Most Rev. Archbishop of St. Louis consecrated, according to the prescriptions of the pontifical, the new church built at Cape Girardeau.

**Ordination.**—At an ordination held in the cathedral, on the 29th of June, the following gentlemen of the Theological Seminary at Carondelet, received deaconship: John Sullivan, John J. Caffrey, and John B. Schluslebrunner. And on the 30th, the same Rev. gentlemen were ordained priests.

**Confirmation.**—On the 21st of June, Bishop Van de Velde confirmed 69 persons at St. Francis Xavier's church, St. Louis.

**DIOCESS OF CHICAGO.—New Church.**—On the 3d of June, the Right Rev. Dr. Van de Velde laid the corner-stone of a church to be erected at Woodstock, McHenry Co., Ill.; on the 8th, he blessed the frame church at Rockford. On the 26th he laid the corner-stone of a new church at O'Hara's settlement. On the 29th a new church was blessed at Chester.

**Confirmation.**—The bishop gave confirmation at Galena on the 12th of June to 245 persons. On the 23d, 38 were confirmed at the church of St. Liborius, St. Clair Co.; on the 24th, 42 at Prairie du Long. On the 25th, several were confirmed at O'Hara's settlement, and on the following day at Prairie du Rocher. On the 27th the same sacrament was administered at Kaskaskia, and on the 29th at Chester.

**Ordination.**—On the 23d of June, Bishop Van de Velde conferred the tonsure and minor orders on Mr. Ferdinand Kalvellage, in St. Liborius' church, St. Clair Co.

**ARCHDIOCESS OF NEW YORK.—Confirmation.**—On Sunday, June 5th, the Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes confirmed in the church of the Most Holy Redeemer, 236 persons, of whom 36 were converts from Protestantism. On June 19th, he confirmed in St. Alphonsus' church, 196 persons, of whom 17 were converts from Protestantism. On Wednesday, June 22d, he administered the sacrament of confirmation in St. Bridget's church, Tompkins Square, to 440 persons. On Thursday, June 23d, he administered the sacrament of confirmation in the Cathedral, to about 400 persons. On Saturday, he gave confirmation in the church of St. John the Baptist. On Sunday, he confirmed a large number in the church of St. Vincent de Paul, Canal street.

**New Church.**—On Wednesday, June 29, the festival of SS. Peter and Paul, the Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes laid the corner-stone of a new church of the Most Holy Trinity, in Williamsburg. This church is under the pastoral care of the Very Rev. Mr. Raffener, V. G. The new church is intended to be a very spacious and beautiful building.—*Freem. Jour.*

**DIOCESS OF BOSTON.—Confirmation.**—This sacrament was administered by the Right Rev. Bishop, in St. Patrick's church, Northampton street, to 102 persons.—*Pilot.*

**New Seminary.**—The estate of some five or six acres, situated on Dedham Turnpike, Roxbury, formerly the residence of and belonging to Rev. Dr. Howe, of Philadelphia, has been purchased by the Right Rev. Bishop Fitzpatrick, and is to be fitted up for the reception of the Sisters of Notre Dame, who intend to open a boarding school for young ladies. We learn it is also intended to receive novices for the Order, who are to be educated for the various Catholic female schools in the New England States. These good Sisters have large schools in this city and in Lowell.—*Ibid.*

**DIOCESS OF HARTFORD.—Confirmation.**—June 25th, the Right Rev. Dr. O'Reilly confirmed 190 persons at Norwich, Conn.

**DIOCESS OF BUFFALO.—New Church.**—A new church has been erected at North Evans.

**ARCHDIOCESS OF CINCINNATI.—Confirmation.**—There were 38 persons confirmed in the church of the Sacred Heart, at Pomeroy, Ohio, on Sunday, June 12th, by the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell. 7 were confirmed at Marietta; 54 at Canal Dover, where a new church (St. Joseph's) was blessed; 19 persons were confirmed at Marges, Carroll county, and 30 at Lodi.

**DIOCESS OF MONTEREY, CAL.**—The *Boston Pilot* gives the following from the *Cath. Standard* of San Francisco:—"We are glad to learn that the bill amendatory and supplementary to an act, passed last year, 'to establish a system of common schools,' has become a law. By the act of last year, it was impossible for any school in connection with the Catholic missions throughout the State, to obtain any share of the school fund. The law, however, as now amended, if we understand its provisions correctly, does away to some extent, with this injustice, and will enable such schools to obtain a *pro rata*, not only of the common school fund, but of any school moneys raised by taxation in incorporate towns or cities where such schools may exist.

"The vote stood 31 for allowing Catholics their proportion of the school fund, and 21 against. California is ahead of all the other States of the Union in liberality and justice.

"St. Patrick's church, at Sonora, is progressing rapidly, and will be ready for divine service in two weeks. The Right Rev. Bishop administered the holy sacrament of confirmation at that place on the 8th of May, and expressed much pleasure and satisfaction at the Christian spirit and liberal tone manifested by the residents of that place, and we entertain hopes that Sonora may shine out a bright luminary in the happy south. The Rev. Father Moran has been appointed to that charge, and may he have the satisfaction of feeding his little flock with the sound doctrines of eternal truth, an office which time and circumstances have proved him truly worthy of."

**ROME.**—[We translate the following paragraphs from the Roman correspondence of the *Univers*, under date the 20th June]:—

It is well known that the Chapter of the Patriarchal Basilica of St. Peter's has the privilege of decreeing crowns of gold to the remarkable images of the holy Virgin in all Christendom, and that two years ago the illustrious society determined to offer this homage to the statue of Mary which is venerated in the church of Notre Dame des Victoires, at Paris, and to that of the Infant Jesus, whom she holds in her arms. We now learn that this ceremony is on the eve of taking place, and that it will probably be celebrated on the 2d July next, the feast of the Visitation of the Holy Virgin, and the anniversary of the entry of the French army into the city of Rome in 1849.

The two crowns have been exposed for some days in the sacristy of St. Peter's; they are in the form of a royal crown, closed and surmounted with a globe and cross.

The gold of which they are made is of the finest quality and best selection. It was furnished by the Chapter. Its weight is considerable, for the crowns are of solid gold.

The two crosses which surmount the crowns are formed of diamonds of the first water. It is the Holy Father who has given this portion of the diadem which is being offered to our Lady of Victories and to her divine Son.

The circle of the crowns is sprinkled over its whole surface with diamonds, precious stones, and enamel. We are assured that this rich ornament is the gift of his Eminence Cardinal Antonelli, his Holiness' Secretary of State.

The value of these precious objects is estimated at 12,000 scudi (about £2,500.) It is doubtless the most costly crown which the Chapter of St. Peter's has ever decreed during the two centuries it has been in possession of the Sforza legacy, the revenues of which discharge the expense of this admirable foundation. Nothing has been neglected to make this offering worthy of the capital and of the celebrated statue for which it is destined, and the most famous goldsmith of Rome has been employed to use the finest and most precious materials which it was possible to discover.

The illustrious Chapter of St. Peter has delegated Mgr. Pacca, one of its members, to convey to Paris the crowns decreed by it to the Madonna of Notre Dame des Victoires and to her divine Son, and to celebrate the solemn coronation according to the rite and the usages adopted for these ceremonies. Mgr. Pacca is the nephew of the celebrated Cardinal Dean of the Sacred College, and Secretary of State to Pius VII, whose name, services, and virtue are so well known to all Christendom.

The Rev. Jesuit Fathers who were to form the General Congregation of the Order, had all arrived in Rome. The first re-union was appointed for the 21st of June, the feast of St. Aloysius Gonzaga. The General Congregation was to commence its labors by the election of a Superior-General, in order to carry them on under his presidency and direction. It is believed the Congregation will last for six months. It had been ordered by the deceased General a considerable time before his illness, and consequently without any idea of his death, and of the obligation in which this present assembly would be placed of providing his successor. Providence had permitted this anticipated convocation in order to shorten the vacancy of the Generalate. The constitutions in fact ordain that the General Congregation must be convoked six months before the day fixed for its re-union. Thus, if the convocation had only taken place at the death of the General, it could not have been held till towards the end of October, and there would of necessity have been a vacancy of at least six months. Thanks to the truly providential foresight of the Rev. Father Roothaan, this vacancy will only last six weeks, for the last Superior-General died on the 8th May, and in all probability the election of his successor will have taken place on the 22d or 23d June.

The General Congregation which has just opened is composed of fifty members. The society is divided, if we are not mistaken, into fifteen provinces, and two demi-provinces. Each province sends three members, and each demi-province one member, which gives forty-seven members. To these must be added, the Vicar-General, and the four assistants, which raises the whole number to fifty-two.

France reckons in this assembly ten members, nine for the three provinces of Paris, Lyons, and Toulouse, and the assistant. It is the fifth of the whole number.

We have said that each province sends to the General Congregation three of its members. The Father Provincial constitutes, of right, a part of the deputation; the two others are chosen by the Provincial Congregation, which is composed of fifty members. In the first place, of all the Superiors of the houses of the provinces, and to complete the number of fifty, if there is occasion, of the oldest of the Fathers professed, according to the seniority of their profession.

It would be difficult to find a more reverend assembly than that which was to be assembled on the 21st of June, in the Conventual Hall of the Gesù. Its members have come from all the corners of the world. The majority of them have grown old in the labors of the apostolate, of instruction, and of science. All of them have given pledges of their devotion to the Church and to society. What an admirable spectacle is pre-

sented to the world by the Society of Jesus, always pure, always filled with the spirit of its holy founder, having never any occasion for reformation, always persecuted by impiety, always exalted by religion, having no enemies but the enemies of the Church, and able to boast of the esteem and the affection of all those who value and who love the truth!

**IRELAND.**—*Consecration of the Right Rev. Dr. Kilduff, Lord Bishop of Ardagh.*—This estimable and beloved member of the holy community of the Fathers of St. Vincent de Paul was consecrated Bishop of the See of Ardagh, vacant since the demise of the Right Rev. Dr. O'Higgins, in the church of his Order, St. Peter's, Phibsborough, on Wednesday the 29th of June, the feast of the Holy Apostles SS. Peter and Paul, in the presence of a numerous body of clergy, and a dense concourse of laity. The high altar, the altar set apart for the newly-consecrated Bishop, and the rest of the sanctuary, were decorated with flowers in admirable taste. Around the altar were placed sedilia for the prelates who came to join in the ceremony, while the space in front of the sanctuary was set apart for the clergy. Amongst those present we observed:—

Right Rev. Dr. M'Gettigan, Lord Bishop of Raphoe; Right Rev. Dr. Denvir, Lord Bishop of Down and Connor; Right Rev. Dr. M'Nally, Lord Bishop of Clogher; Right Rev. Dr. Kelly, Lord Bishop of Derry; Right Rev. Dr. Whelan, Lord Bishop of Aureliopolis; Right Rev. Dr. O'Connor, Lord Bishop of Saldes; Very Rev. Dr. Yore, V. G. St. Paul's; Ven. Archdeacon Hamilton, Very Rev. Dr. Farrelly, V. G. and Very Rev. Dr. Dawson, Deans of Ardagh; Very Rev. Dr. Renshan, President of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth; Very Rev. Dr. Smith, V. G. Ardagh; Very Rev. Dr. Curtis, S. J.; Very Rev. Dr. Moriarty, President of All-Hallows.

The following pastors of Ardagh diocese were present:—

Rev. Dr. O'Brien, P. P.; Rev. Dr. Evers, P. P.; Rev. P. Gerity, P. P.; Rev. Dr. Kilroe, P. P.; Rev. G. Smith, P. P.; Rev. P. M'Keon, P. P.; Rev. H. Gannon, P. P.; Rev. J. Reilly, P. P.; Rev. P. O'Connell, P. P.; Rev. E. M'Gaver, P. P.; Rev. W. Connery, P. P.; Rev. Mr. Maguire, P. P.; Rev. Mr. Kennedy, Rev. Mr. Reynolds, Rev. F. Duffy, Rev. Mr. Farrell, Rev. Mr. Heslin, Rev. R. Fenagh, Rev. Mr. Macay, P. P.; Rev. Eugene York, P. P.; Rev. Mr. Scanlan, P. P.; Rev. Mr. Cassin, C. C.; Rev. Mr. Grimley, C. C.; Rev. J. Smith, C. C.; Rev. Messrs. Holdham, Mulligan, Faulkner, Doyle, Delany, Dowling, and a numerous body of the clergy of the Archdiocese; also Rev. Mr. M'Namara, and the several Fathers of St. Vincent, Castleknock, and St. Peter's, Phibsborough. The Most Rev. Dr. Cullen was the consecrating prelate, and the sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Taylor.

**RUSSIA.**—Advices from St. Petersburg state that the Czar has held a grand reception at the palace of l'Ermitage. The ambassadors of France and England were present; they were the objects of the Czar's most particular attention.

The occupation of the Danubian principalities is here considered as very probable, and it would seem that preparations are making (*on semblaît se préparer*) for an object of still greater importance, as the whole of the squadron of the Black Sea has been armed for war.

Russia appears to mistrust the attitude assumed by Persia ever since the Russian quarrel with the Porte.

Letters from St. Petersburg of the 18th June, quoted by the Berlin correspondent of the *Times*, state that great value is attached there to the supposed good understanding between the St. Petersburg and Vienna cabinets. This good understanding is said to have existed previous to the late steps that Austria has taken in the Turkish matter. Although Austria did not propose any mediation, it is still hoped that a simple declaration from her in favor of Russia's demands, will have the most important influence on the decisions of the Porte. The cares and anxieties connected with this question do not prevent the Emperor from watching over the moral welfare of his subjects at home. In an ukase just published, the Emperor forbids—1st, that operatic or other profane music shall be mixed up with sacred compositions in the same concert. 2d, that sacred concerts shall be given in theatres. 3d, that psalms and prayers which form part of the



liturgy of the Orthodox Church be sung at concerts; and though those of other confessions may be sung there, it must never be with Russian words—and so on.

All news from Russia connected with military matters is so uniformly warlike that it looks very much like a dead set at intimidating Europe. Instance the following under date of the 17th:—"To judge from the reports which every day gain more substance, and from the unusual activity of the military authorities, it must be seriously meant to occupy the Danubian principalities; or, indeed, to undertake something more serious still, since the fleet in the Black Sea is fully equipped for war." The crews of these vessels are described as most martially disposed, and to be still further inspired by the bold bearing of Prince Menschikoff, "thirsting for achievements." It is said of him, that when he left Constantinople the last time, he predicted his return thither, but, as he pointedly put it, his return "in full uniform." This expression, alluding to his late appearance there in plain clothes, means also in Russia something equivalent to "armed *cap-à-pie*." There are not wanting persons who affirm positively that the Prince is already in possession of instructions how to act, as soon as the answer to the ultimatum should arrive at Odessa from Constantinople.

The son of Prince Woronzoff arrived in Paris on Tuesday from St. Petersburg with despatches for M. Kisselff, and which are stated, or rather conjectured to be of an alarming character—so far as the prospects of peace are concerned. If what he says can be relied on, it would appear that the Emperor of Russia maintains the pretensions of his ultimatum, "in spite of the opposition of France and England," whose united action he still does not believe to be sincere, and which he appears to have some hope of being able to dissolve—at least such is what is attributed to him. The same young man is understood to have spoken in the most ardent terms of the excitement existing throughout Russia, and of the desire of the Russians to march to the "Holy War."

**TURKEY.—The Turkish Question.—The Firman of Toleration.**—On the 7th June, the following imperial firman was issued, guaranteeing the rights, privileges, and immunities of all subjects within the Sultan's dominions not belonging to the faith of Islam:—

"This is the command addressed to the Monk Germanos, the Greek Patriarch of Constantinople, and to those who depend on him: . . . .

"The most cherished of my wishes being to remove completely certain abuses which negligence and indolence have suffered by degrees to grow up, and to prevent for the future their return. I wish, and I desire earnestly to preserve, under all circumstances and from all infraction, the special privileges which our glorious predecessors have accorded to the ecclesiastics of those of my faithful subjects who profess the Greek religion—privileges which have been preserved to them and sanctioned by my imperial person; to maintain intact the Greek churches and convents in my dominion, with the property, chattels, and ecclesiastical institutions which are attached to them; to guarantee the maintenance of the rights and immunities appertaining to those sacred objects and their clergy; in a word, to maintain the privileges and concessions of the kind specified in the Berats of the Patriarchs and Metropolitans, which contain the ancient conditions of their investiture.

"Wherefore a peremptory and sovereign order is published, according to which my imperial intentions in that respect are to be repeated and proclaimed again. Let care be taken not to injure in the slightest degree, the state of things as above mentioned; and be it known, that those who shall impede the execution of my command expose themselves to suffer the effects of my imperial anger. . . . .

"Given in the last decade of the month of Schebar, 1269, (the end of May and commencement of June, 1853.)"

**PRUSSIA.—The Question of Mixed Marriages.**—The Berlin correspondent of the *Chronicle* writes on June 23d:—"It will be remembered that a recent papal bull, addressed to the Roman Catholic episcopacy of Prussia, and ordered to be enforced by them in their various dioceses, directed that assent should be refused to all mixed marriages of non-Catholics with Catholics, unless oaths should be taken by the contracting parties, before a Catholic priest, that all issue of the marriage should be brought up in the Roman Catholic faith. The Minister of War, General Von Bonin, has, in the King's name, issued a general order to the army and navy, including, of course, all individuals connected therewith, civil or military, in which it is stated that in case any officer should obey this act of Roman encroachment, and take any such oath or pledge before a Catholic priest, he shall be forthwith dismissed the service as guilty of conduct unworthy a man and an officer."

**DISASTERS IN PERSIA.**—Extract of a letter from Erzeroun, dated June 3d:—"Yesterday's gholaum brought us a batch of news from Persia of a singular kind. It is no less than the appearance of a number of visitations there at the same time, for there have been inundations and cholera at Teheran, locusts at Ispahan, and a terrible earthquake at Shiraz and Cashan. At the former place 12,000 to 15,000 persons are said to have been killed, as the disaster occurred during the night, and the stench arising from the dead bodies was such as to produce an epidemic very much resembling the plague. From Teheran we hear that the cholera has diminished. The British mission had, however, moved higher up the hills, as a matter of precaution."

**CATHOLIC AFFAIRS IN INDIA.**—The number of Catholics at present in India may be estimated at about 690,000, exclusive of about 16,000 Catholic soldiers. Independently of the British, there are but few European Catholics, the great bulk of the congregations being every where a native population, some of whom are recent converts, but the chief part are descended from the converts of the European missionaries of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. During these two centuries, whilst the Portuguese had influence in India, the crown of Portugal was considered as the protector of the Catholic religion in the country, and exercised the right of patronage and presentation; but in 1838, as decided steps were then definitively taken to establish a new order of things, it was considered necessary, on account of the great political changes in the country, to remodel the ecclesiastical government in a manner more consonant with its present political position. The Portuguese jurisdiction was confined to the small territory occupied politically by that country, and British Vicars-Apostolic were appointed to the three presidencies of Calcutta, Bombay and Madras. The rest of India, wherever it was needful, was divided into ecclesiastical districts, and European Vicars-Apostolic appointed for all. Every effort was made by the Catholic authorities to meet the wants of the Catholics of British India, in a way most in accordance with the government of the country, and the Vicars-Apostolic and Catholics often sought to have their position officially recognised by the British government. This they have never been able hitherto fully to effect, and their unrecognised position has been to them a source of much trouble.

**Present number of Catholics in India.**—The following table will give an average estimate of the present numbers of the Catholic Church in India, both as regards the ecclesiastical divisions—the number of Clergy and of their flocks:—

Vicariates.	Clergy.	Members.	Vicariates.	Clergy.	Members.
Western Bengal.....	14	15,000	Quilon.....	15	20,000
Eastern Bengal.....	3	13,000	Mangalore.....	18	18,000
Madras.....	21	46,500	Coimbatore.....	7	20,000
Bombay.....	26	30,000	Mysore.....	15	19,100
Pondicherry and Cuddalore..	35	96,500	Patna.....	10	3,000
Madura.....	50	150,000	Agra.....	17	20,000
Hyderabad, (Deccan).....	4	4,000	Ava and Pegu.....	13	3,000
Vizagapatam.....	9	4,000			
Verapoley, Latin rite.....	43	70,000	16 Vicariates.	303	690,100
do. Syriac rite.....		160,000			

Add to the 303 Clergymen the 16 Vicars-Apostolic, and there are 319 Clergymen in India, of whom above 200 are Europeans, and many of them are employed as chaplains in the military stations. Every one of these clergymen has gone out to India at their own expense, or at the expense of the Catholic Church.

Besides the above, there are several nuns employed in the Catholic female orphanages. The number of European Catholic soldiers is estimated at about 16,000, besides which are the women and children, European and Indo-British.

Mr. J. D. Fitzgerald presented a petition to the British Parliament from 100,000 Roman Catholic inhabitants of India, stating amongst other things that there were 16,000 Roman Catholic soldiers in the Company's service; and that the expenditure for the Established Church in that country amounted to £107,855 14s. whilst the expenditure for the Roman Catholic Church, though its members were equal in number to the members of the Established Church, amounted only to £5,436, and that the expenditure for the Scotch Church amounted to £6,430, though the Presbyterians amounted only to 33,000. The petitioners called attention to the fact, that at the battle of Modkee the Catholic chaplain of a regiment met with his death on the field of battle while performing his office, and that the Catholic soldiers had to contribute out of their small pay towards the support of their clergymen; that the pay of a Roman Catholic bishop was £240, and the pay of a Protestant bishop £5,500; and that the Roman Catholics were obliged to find church

\* There are also near four hundred Clergy of the Syriac rite in this district.

accommodation for themselves. The petitioners complained of the insufficient number of Roman Catholic Chaplains, and that their pay was sometimes as low as a sergeant's pay, out of which the chaplain had to provide himself with a horse, and could not perform his duties were it not for the assistance which the soldiers voluntary gave to him. The petitioners then called attention to the fact that the regimental schools were conducted on principles exclusively Protestant—that after the campaigns in India a large subscription was raised for the relief of the widows and orphans of the soldiers who were killed, from the benefit of which the orphans of Roman Catholic soldiers were excluded, except they entered institutions where their religion would be imperilled. The petitioners called attention to the influence exercised by the Portuguese government, and the mischief of permitting it to be exercised in a manner that might prove injurious to British interests; and suggested, as a matter of policy, that the Vicars-Apostolic should be induced to act in conjunction with the British government, and should be recognised in India as they were in the British colonies.

**THE GOA SCHISM IN BOMBAY.**—*Brief of our Holy Father Pope Pius IX.*—To our Venerable Brothers the Bishops, Vicars-Apostolic, and our Beloved Children, the faithful of the East India Missions.

**POPE PIUS IX.**—Venerable Brothers and beloved Children, health and Apostolic Benediction.—You well know, Venerable Brothers, nor is it at all concealed from you, beloved children, what the Pontiffs our predecessors, by the right divinely conferred on them through the blessed Peter of feeding and protecting the universal flock of the Lord, and by the office of supreme apostleship, have done to restore and promote the Catholic faith, obscured through the circumstances of the times in those countries. Clear monuments of this indefatigable vigilance of the Holy See are exhibited in the apostolic letters and sanctions of those our predecessors, and specially of Gregory XVI, of happy memory, by which, though for special reasons, as circumstances required, yet sufficiently and fully, the Holy See took care to provide for the pastoral care and government of those countries, as well as for the wants of the faithful through the Vicars-Apostolic and evangelical laborers. You know likewise what ourselves, placed by an inscrutable design of Divine Providence on this Chair of the Prince of the Apostles, according to that solicitude and duty by which we are bound, have done to pursue the work, so far as there was opportunity to advance or to restore the ordinary form and government of the churches. But it unfortunately happened, as could scarcely have been expected, that certain Catholics even led away by very specious and human pleas, have dared to oppose such salutary provisions, and to resist and reject the supreme authority of Christ's Vicar on earth, and that they seem still to remain most miserably obstinate in their crime. You see venerable brothers and beloved children, that we are speaking of that shameful division which some time ago began in those countries through the agency of some unworthy Goanese priests, which continually increased to the very great prejudice of the eternal salvation of the faithful, and which day by day advances to the disastrous termination of schism. But the apostolic see, as you know, did not fail from the commencement, and without intermission, to meet such a raging evil, and with all doctrine, patience, and charity to call back to wiser counsels both the erring priests, and that portion of the Catholic laity which they had led astray. In which matter, wishing to emulate the longanimity and anxious efforts of our predecessor Gregory, we endeavored by admonitions, exhortations, and instructions, to withdraw from the way of perdition the said dissident priests and their followers. But you know, venerable brothers, that all this has been done in vain, having experienced the daily increasing evils which from these causes befall religion, and weeping with us over the so long torn and divided flock of Christ, you see the necessity of using stronger remedies. And however unwillingly we are compelled to apply our hand, specially by acts perpetrated, as you know, in parts of the Island of Ceylon, in Bombay, and elsewhere, by those same disturbers, with the help of the Bishop of Macao, acts which have greatly increased our grief and sorrow; for we are informed that the aforesaid bishop, without any apostolic mandate or permission on our part, is going about in those countries subjected to the jurisdiction of our own vicars and those of this apostolic see, with the assistance of the chief dissenting priests, and has not feared to administer confirmation and even holy ordination to persons appearing there, in despite and disregard of the canonical sanctions, and the general and particular apostolic constitutions; and has ventured not merely by example, but also by word of mouth, and most unseemly preaching, to confirm in their delusion the faithful people, and to lure them more and more away from the obedience and subjection due to their legitimate pastors. So soon as these most sad tidings were brought to us, we sent letters to the Bishop of Macao admonishing him of how grievously he had offended, and exhorted him to abstain in future from similar things, to purify his conscience, and with all his might to repair those reprehensible actions, and the scandal caused to the faithful. Again, likewise, after awhile, having

received information from the Bombay mission, we thought fit to admonish the said bishop, again exhorting him to provide for the safety of his soul, and make the proper reparation; and we besought him in the Lord not to compel us to act against him with greater severity and according to the sacred canons, trusting he would listen to these our paternal admonitions. Now, although so many and too sad be the proofs of the confirmed obstinacy of the above mentioned priests, nevertheless that we may not relinquish the hope of their salvation, and that by all means, so far as in us lies, we may rescue the faithful population from their deceptions and devices, and recall them from the danger of eternal perdition in which they are involved by following those men, we think good still more earnestly to address ourselves to them. Among others, then, of the aforesaid priests who have so long labored to excite and propagate division and effect a schism, and who, it is obvious, have incurred already ecclesiastical punishments and censures, we think it fitting specially to name those who were the principal authors of the acts perpetrated by the Bishop of Macao in the Bombay Vicariate, viz: Marianus Antonius Suarez, who calls himself the Vicar-General of the Goanese Prelate in Bombay, as well as the priests Gabriel de Sylva, Braz Fernandez, and Joseph de Mello. These especially we lovingly admonish, and exhort in the Lord to refrain at length from their shameful way of acting, and not any longer delay to providing for their souls, and the eternal salvation of others. And although they are aware that they have already long been exposed to canonical pains and censures of the Church, nevertheless we declare them to have incurred those pains and censures, and to be held as suspended *a divinis*, and as schismatics, and cut off from the Catholic unity, unless within two months from the publication of these our letters they retract, and we will that they be designated and denounced as such to the faithful. We know well other priests also who, likewise, have been long endeavoring to foster and complete the same abominable schism in other countries, such as Madras, Ceylon, Madura, and other missions. Yet in the mean time we abstain from convicting them by name, and censuring them; for we entertain the hope that they also, as well as the aforesaid priests, will readily listen to our paternal exhortations, and will subject themselves, with the people deceived by them, to the legitimate pastors—that is, our vicars and those of the apostolic see, that we may not be compelled to act against them with greater severity. And though from the decrees, constitutions, and commands of this Holy See already long ago given and repeated, there be absolutely no room for doubt or hesitation as to the legitimate pastors of the East Indies, yet, in order to remove subtleties of any kind whatever, we declare again, and so far as is needful, that all authority and jurisdiction in the said apostolical vicariates do belong and are given to the Vicars and Administrators of ourselves and the Holy See, so that it is not lawful for anybody to exercise the ministry in those countries, and to administer sacraments, except by their permission and faculty. There is nothing, then, more futile than what those priests are said to assert, in order to lead captive the simplicity of the faithful, that there are many things which are not established by the Apostolic See and the Roman Pontiff, but sanctioned by the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda Fide without his knowledge and consent, and many others not to be attended to, because there was no *placitum* of the civil authority. Let them know, then, that all and each of the things in that matter determined have been published by the Roman Pontiffs from their own free will, certain knowledge, and deliberation, and from their plenitude of power; and if our predecessors, of happy memory, and we decreed any things through our Sacred Congregation, let them know that such things also have been decreed and determined on, not without the knowledge of the Roman Pontiffs and ourselves, but by their and our will and order; for all know that our Sacred Congregation is but a help to advise the Apostolic See, and the minister of the commands and orders of the said Holy See. That, moreover, is a vile and impious falsehood that the rights divinely conferred on the Apostolic See, and the key and power of supreme rule in the Church delivered by Christ our Lord, can be restrained, prescribed, or diminished by human assent and will. He who is not joined to the See of Peter and the Roman Pontiff boasts in vain of Catholic communion, and he who is not with Peter must confess that he is against him, and outside of unity. He who gathers not with us, scatters. But never can we recognise those as joined to the See of Peter and the Roman Pontiff who oppose the Vicars of ourselves and the Holy See appointed by it for the government of the faithful, and who refuse obedience to them. Nor is it to be overlooked that the said priests not only resist the legitimate power of the Church, and consequently the divine ordination, but also are laboring by these divisions that the negotiations commenced between us and our most dear daughter in Christ, Maria, the most faithful Queen of Portugal and the Algarves, and her government, may not reach the wished-for issue; and thus they are opposing the wishes of that very queen whom they profess to obey. Finally, we address and most lovingly admonish and exhort you, our dear children, the faithful, carefully to avoid those who are endeavoring to estrange you from the pastors whom we have set over you, and therefore from our communion, nor ever to suffer yourselves to be withdrawn from that unity out of which there can be

no salvation. Beware of those who come to you in the clothing of sheep, but inwardly they are ravening wolves.

Again we announce to you that there is no jurisdiction, nor authority, nor any power of exercising the ministry in those Goanese and other priests who disturb you in those countries where our vicars and those of his holy See have been instituted, so that you would adhere to them only to the destruction of your souls, so long as they remain divided from those their lawful prelates. In fine, trusting in Him who is Author of Peace and God of all Consolation, we cherish the hope that when these our letters have been made known to you, we may find that the erring have returned to the way of justice and salvation, and that there is one flock every where. Meanwhile we lovingly impart to you, Venerable Brothers, and to the beloved flock committed to your care, the apostolic benediction.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, on the ninth day of May, 1853, in the seventh year of our pontificate.

PIUS PP. IX.

**DEATHS.**—On the 19th of June, at Newbury, N. Y., Rev. P. Duffy, pastor of the church at that place, aged 58 years.

At the Visitation Convent, Baltimore, on the 28th June, Sister Mary Angela Malone.

On the 25th June, at New Orleans, Brother Theodule, aged 35 years. He was a native of France, and having become a member of the Congregation of St. Joseph, he distinguished himself by his zeal and piety.

The death of Captain Walbach, of the United States Army, son of Gen. Walbach, will be a matter of sincere regret to many of our citizens who were acquainted with his estimable character and high scientific and military attainments. He has had charge of the U. S. Arsenal at Pikesville, Baltimore County, and in this as in other positions, devoted himself to the discharge of his duties, and to the pursuit of investigations connected therewith with an ardor and ability that won for him the highest consideration. His funeral took place on June 25th, and was attended with military honors, in which the volunteer soldiery of our city and the U. S. forces stationed at Fort McHenry united. Shortly after 10 o'clock, the armed escort received the corpse from the residence of Brigadier-General Walbach, North Calvert street, and passed by an easy route to the cathedral. The coffin was covered by the national flag, and secured on part of a battery drawn by seven black horses. Following the escort was a long train of carriages, containing the venerable father of the deceased, and a large number of United States officers. At the cathedral, High Mass was said by Rev. Charles I. White, D. D. assisted by the Very Rev. H. B. Coskery and Rev. Thomas Foley, followed by an eloquent discourse by Dr. White, from the words of St Paul: "This is the victory which overcometh the world: our faith."

We lament in common with numerous friends, his sudden death; he departed this life on Sunday, 26th June. Capt. W. was a graduate of West Point, and had served with distinction in the Florida war. He was, at the time of his death, commandant of the U. S. Arsenal at Pikesville, where he had been for several years engaged in conducting a series of scientific investigations relating to gun metal. As an officer of ordnance, he was highly appreciated for his skill, zeal, and application to service. He inherited as it were a spirit of military talent from his gallant and respected father, Gen. Walbach, commander of the 4th military department of the U. S., and was in a fair way of high advancement when cut off at a comparatively early age. To his corps he will be a serious loss, but nothing can repair that of his own family, to whom he was in all things a bright hope, a consolation and pride.—*Cath. Mir.*

**Death of M. O'Connell, M. P.**—Since the ever-to-be-lamented death of his illustrious father, no public event has given us a sharper pang than the sudden death of Mr. Maurice O'Connell, which it becomes our painful task this day to record. The melancholy event occurred at midnight on Friday, June 17. The honorable member for Tralee was in the House of Commons that evening,—and finding himself unwell on his return to his apartments in Half-moon street, he retired to his bed room. An acute pain in his left arm—which had met with a severe accident some months ago—induced him to call to his servant for ten drops of laudanum in a glass of water. Having drank this, and feeling himself growing worse he ordered a medical gentleman to be called in. This



was done instantly, and the physician directed an extra dose of the opiate to be administered. Scarcely, however, had the patient taken the medicine, when a violent attack of apoplexy supervened, which terminated fatally in the course of a few hours. The Rev. Mr. Brownbill, S. J., whose residence in Hill street was not far off, was called in, and attended with the utmost rapidity, but the sufferer was unable to speak. It is, however, consolatory in the extreme to know that within three weeks the deceased had received the sacraments of the Church from his confessor, the Very Rev. Mgr. Magee, and that he was in a condition to receive the last sacrament when Mr. Brownbill arrived. May his soul rest in peace.

Maurice O'Connell was the eldest son of the man who emancipated the Catholics of the British empire from the cruel bondage of Protestant ascendancy, and inherited much of his immortal father's talents and all his good nature.

In the month of June, at Paris, Cardinal Garibaldi, papal nuncio at the French court, aged 56 years.

On the 9th of May, at Paris, Mr. Choiselat, Treasurer of the Association of the Propagation of the Faith.

Monseñor Jose Torres Estans, Bishop of Pamplona, New Grenada, and exiled by the radical government for maintaining the liberties of the Church, died on the 19th April in Venezuela.

PERSONAL.—Very Rev. Bernard Hafkenscheld, Provincial of the Redemptorists in the United States, and Rev. Mr. Condenvove, of the same congregation, sailed for Europe, on the 29th of June.

The Most Rev. Cajetan Bedini, D. D. Archbishop of Thebes and nuncio to Brazil, arrived at New York, on the 30th of June, and after spending a few days in that city, he visited Washington and then Baltimore. He is accompanied by Rev. Mr. Virtue. We learn from the *Cath. Telegraph* the following notice of this distinguished ecclesiastic. "M. Bedini was for many years secretary of Prince Archbishop, now Cardinal, Louis Altieri, nuncio near the imperial court of Vienna. On his return to Rome he was sent as Internonce to Rio Janeiro, where he acquired merited fame as a diplomatist, but especially by his uncompromising and able defence of the rights of a colony of German Catholics who had been induced to immigrate into that country, where they were exposed to the shipwreck of faith from the envoy of the unprincipled manufacturing company who took them thither from their fatherland. The sermon published on that occasion by M. Bedini, who was still but in priest's orders, in Portuguese and German, on the Primacy of the Holy See, of which we had a copy re-published in German in the *Wahrheitsfreund* of this city, proved to the poor emigrants that in him they had a friend in that distant land on whom they could safely rely, and to their foes that they could assail no Catholic, or Catholic doctrine, with impunity.

"The consummate ability displayed by M. Bedini in those secondary offices pointed him out to the sagacity of the Holy Father as the fittest, if not the only, man, to whom to entrust the government of the city and legation of Bologna, where scenes of blood had been enacted by rebels and anarchists, which we shudder to think on. The peace and prosperity in which he soon established that long distracted province, where his memory and name are in benediction, and where we who write this article have enjoyed his munificent hospitality and seen him revered as a law-giver and loved as a father, were among the many motives which induced the Holy Father to raise him to his present high rank among the princes of the Church and confide to him the honorable and responsible post of Nuncio to Brazil."

Their Eminences Cardinals Donnet, Archbishop of Bordeaux, and Morlot, Archbishop of Tours, arrived at Rome on the 17th June, there to receive the Cardinalial hat. The Consistory was fixed for Monday, the 27th.

THE NEW GENERAL OF THE JESUITS.—We learn from *L'Ami de la Religion*, that the Very Rev. Father Becks, Provincial of the Province of Austria, has been elected Superior-General of the illustrious Society of Jesus, in place of the late lamented Father Roothaan. The present Superior is the twenty-second General of the Order since its foundation by St. Ignatius of Loyola.